VOL. CCVIII, No. 2716

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE, MARCH 1, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

"Get Younger every day"

William Younger's Ales & Stout

By Appointment Cyder makers to H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd Attleborough & London
Gaymer's CYDER
Preferred by people of good taste

By Appointment Purveyors of Champagne to H.M. King George VI
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

A new and superior blend of
HARDEN'S
PURE CHINA TEA
is now available from high-grade grocers and provision stores

TENNENT'S LAGER
TRADE MARK
— Enjoyed the world o'er —
BEER AT ITS BEST

VAPEX
For head colds
B-R-E-A-T-H-E THE VAPOUR from the handy POCKET INHALER
of all chemists
V316
USE VAPEX AND BREATHE FREELY

From COGNAC
OTARD BRANDY

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Office : Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2

The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more —

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA & CO LIMITED · 173 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

and NOW Fine Quality White Hemstitched

HANDKERCHIEFS

Horrockses REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

You'll see the Latest Things and get Better Values

The 'Centre of England' will be at Olympia this year!

A REAL VILLAGE. For the first time, the great National Hall has been transformed into a complete English Village, real to the last brick, with an Inn and Shops around a Village Green, six houses of new and striking design including the People's House and Old Folks' Bungalow. A CARAVAN TOWN of Homes on Wheels for permanent occupation, including two-storey caravans—all open for inspection and fully furnished—the modern solution of the housing problem; and a model of a site for 200 homes complete with playgrounds, shops, lighted streets and gardens.

GARDENS OF SPRING FLOWERS. Lovely blooms in an entrancing setting designed by world-famous garden architects with the music of two orchestras.

GADGETS GALORE. A host of new ideas to lighten work in the home and striking developments in Heating and Lighting which cut your costs.

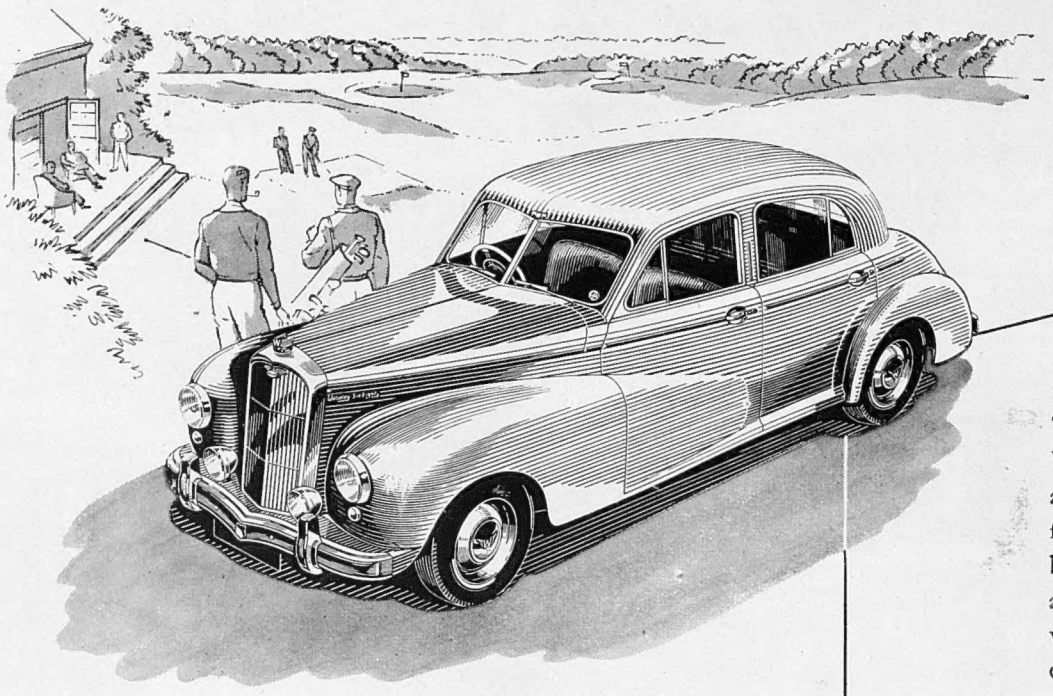
CRISIS IN THE KITCHEN. Here is a chance to see some of the leading chefs at work. They have accepted a challenge to solve a domestic crisis: to prepare and cook a three-course dinner in half-an-hour under home conditions, using only common-place ingredients. Many other absorbing FOOD AND COOKERY exhibits and demonstrations. Britain's finest foods on sale.

Come early and bring the children

Nestlés Playland • Working Model Railway
Ideal Home Bookshop • Fashion Parades • Beauty Aids
Hall of Sleep • History of Smoking • Daily Mail Rest Lounge
Three Famous Guards' Bands and the R.A.F. Band

Daily 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. *(Except Sundays)*

ADMISSION 3/- *incl. tax* **CHILDREN HALF PRICE**



The elegance, comfort and performance of Wolseley cars are a trilogy in perfect harmony achieved within the best traditions of English fine-car production. No cars to-day offer better value for money than the "Six Eighty" and "Four Fifty" or synchronise so completely with the needs and outlook of the man of conservative tastes and background.

Gracefully Modern—Distinctly

WOLSELEY

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1
London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1

"Tired? Good Heavens NO!.... I came by

CONVAIR"

You arrive feeling fresh for business or pleasure when you fly by pressurised Convair. World famous Belgian cuisine FREE on board—armchair comfort.

To Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and all main tourist and business centres.

Sabena serves 23 Countries and 61 important Cities.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENTS
TO GET YOU A SEAT ON

Send for Illustrated Literature

SABENA
BELGIAN AIR LINES

SABENA 205, Regent Street, London, W.1. *Tel.: MAYfair 6442*
32, Deansgate, Manchester, 3. *Tel.: Deansgate 6956*

if you want

GOOD FARE

fare well by

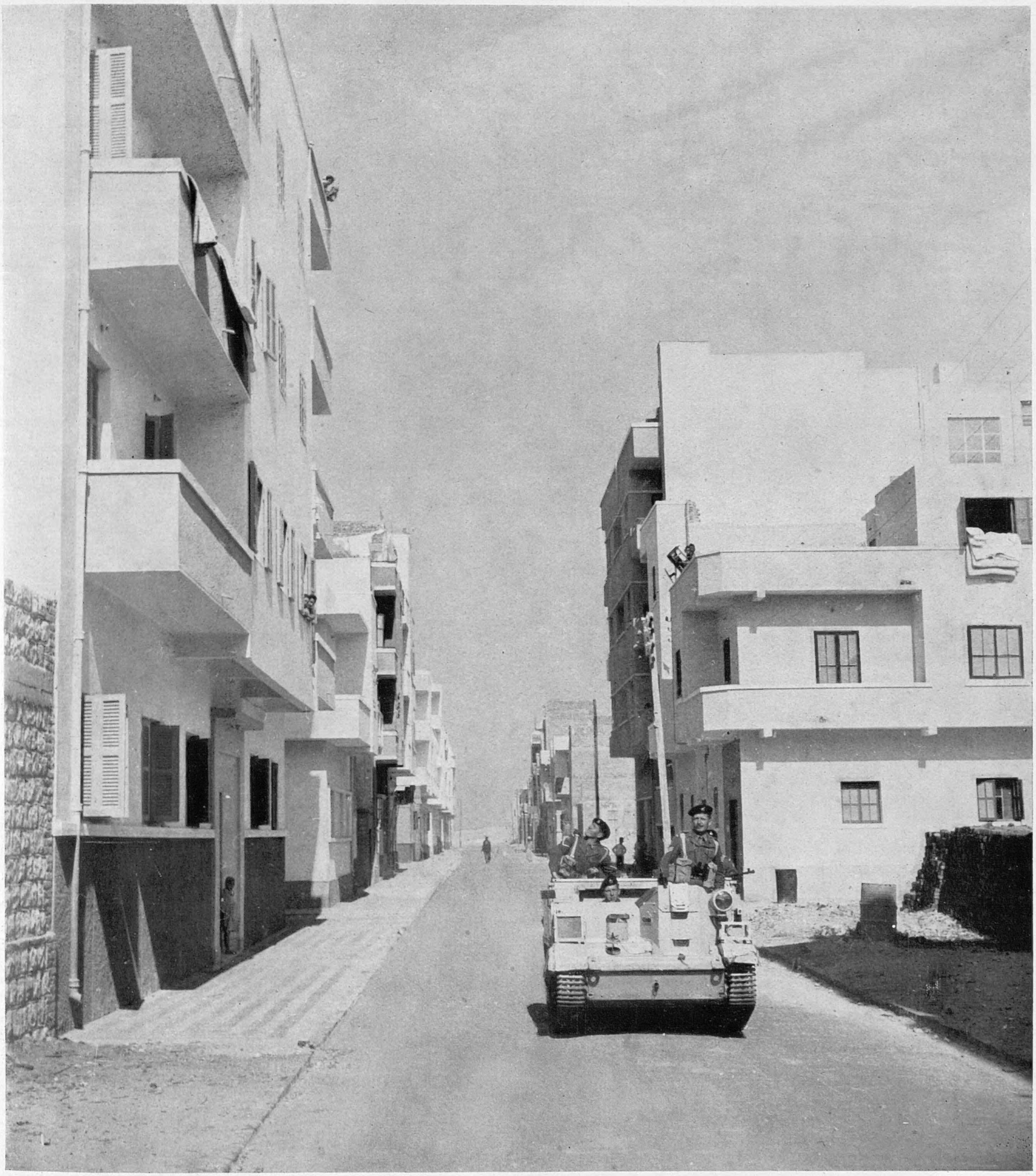
Orient
LINE
to Australia

ORIENT LINE, 14 COCKSPUR STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1 TEL: TRA 7141 OR AGENTS

Volume CCVIII No. 2716 The SPHERE, London, March 1, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



PATROLLING ISMAILIA, A TOWN OF TENSION—A SERGEANT, A LANCE-CORPORAL AND TWO MEN OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT, IN A BREN-GUN CARRIER IN THE ALMOST DESERTED STREETS OF THE TOWN: The streets may be empty, but there are many eyes watching from the windows. The big battle between troops and police in Ismailia, in which so many lost their lives, will not soon be forgotten.

While the whole Commonwealth was preoccupied with the events surrounding the King's death and the Queen's accession, the news from the Middle East inevitably took a lesser place in the national Press. There was, however, in Egypt itself some easing of tension, and last week-end it became known that Aly Maher Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, was sending to Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador, a formal invitation to begin negotiations. The move was welcomed by the British Embassy, which had been awaiting Egyptian initiative in the matter. From time to time there have been serious but isolated incidents, in the Canal Zone in particular. On February 24 four Egyptians were wounded when a patrol of the Royal Dragoons discovered eleven men on the railway line ten miles south of Port Said and, after challenging them, opened fire. There was evidence that they were planning to cut cables or create a further explosion.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCVIII, No. 2716. March 1, 1952

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:
195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

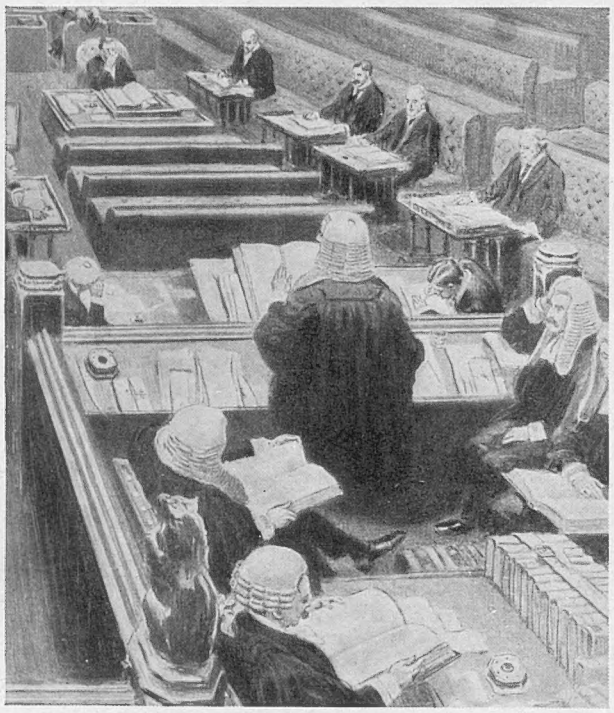
Postage Rates for this Issue—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

Conditions of Sale and Supply.—*This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of* 2*s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.*

FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



A PRELUDE TO THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII: The Committee of Privileges meeting in the House of Lords in February 1902 to decide who shall hold the office of Lord Great Chamberlain. The approaching Coronation was indeed one of the main items of news in "The Sphere" of that date. Later it was put off for some months owing to the King's illness.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

STRATFORD ON AVON IN 1952

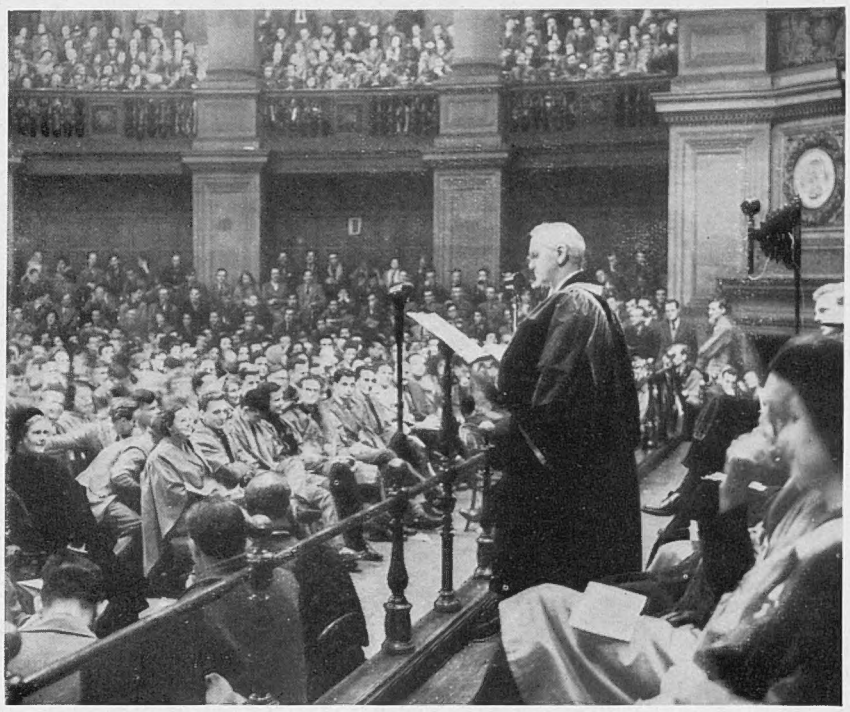
A Preview of the Shakespearean Season

ARTICLES BY ANTHONY QUAYLE AND PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Queen Mother.—In the charming messages sent out by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, one phrase belongs to the present and future and not to the past. She spoke of her earnest desire to complete some of the work and services which she and the late King had planned between them. In the last week, perhaps naturally, the vast output of tributes concentrated on the late King's virtues and on the promise of his successor. Let us never forget how much both owed to Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. She has had a full share of our sympathy in our thoughts. Let us not forget or fail to record our gratitude for the services she rendered during the late reign and has already rendered and will continue to render in the promise and fulfilment of the new reign. That she was "born to be a Queen" is no mere fairy-tale or term of adulation all too familiar in Royal biography. Her strength of character, her dignity, above all, her serenity, stood out while she was yet a small child. As she grew up, those qualities developed and made her exceptional among her friends and contemporaries. When she became engaged to the Duke of York (and he wooed her long), her impact on the Royal family was electric. King George V was a formidable figure to the young. She never had the slightest fear of him. She handled him as none of his family ever dared to do. She chaffed him and made him her slave. She brought sunshine and laughter into the Court, and kept it there and carried it out whithersoever she went. If she was born to be Queen, she was not born in the purple. Her achievements, then, are the more extraordinary. For it is incontestable that the perfection of technique (if one can use that bastard word of what springs from a sympathetic heart, from love and duty) noticeable in Royal ceremonial to-day is her creation. It was she who added gaiety to duty and interest and produced that new and all-powerful recipe, the secret of which she passed on to her daughter. We wish to spare that daughter. Who else is so fit, so experienced, to share that burden than the Queen Mother, who carried so much of it so lightly, so gracefully, so willingly for many years? In doing so, she will fulfil her great mission, finish the work which she and the King planned to do together and, we hope, find consolation in her loneliness and sorrow. The nation owes very much to her and relies very much on her in the years ahead.



A ROWDY EDINBURGH RECTORIAL: Almost continuous "barracking" from his student audience greeted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, when he delivered his address as the new Rector of Edinburgh University in the McEwan Hall last week. Sir Alexander, who took "Success" as the subject of his address, had often to pause to wait for the noise to subside. He was forced to omit or condense much of what he had prepared, and even cut out a considerable part of the story of the discovery which earned him fame and, as he himself acknowledged, his selection as Rector. Although often appearing to be put out by his reception, Sir Alexander faced the ordeal with determination, declared a correspondent of *The Scotsman.* He did his best to make his voice audible, in spite of a riotous clamour of cheers, boos, catcalls and stamping of feet, augmented by the blowing of motor horns, trumpets, bugles, squeakers, whistles, the jangle of handbells, and an occasional explosion. These, generally, had no relevance whatsoever to the points which Sir Alexander Fleming tried to make; many of his audience were apparently not listening to his address, while others were not able to listen because of the din

Business as Usual.—Was it respect for a good King dead or the cancellation of conferences and fixtures of many kinds during the days of mourning that gave us that hopeful impression that the turbulent world was ashamed of its selfishness and brutality and might resolve to amend its ways? I suppose both conditions were true. The resolution might have been expected to last longer in Britain than in the jungles. Yet in York on the day after the funeral, representatives of 4,000 north-eastern railwaymen called on the T.U.C. to declare a general strike if the Chancellor's Health Service cuts became law. This is not the form of *resolution* hoped for. There is more to distress and disappoint us in it than an expression of mere thoughtless self-interest. It is sad enough that skilled men in a vital service should be content to saw the branch on which they sit. It is sadder that they should so punctually return to "business as usual." By contrast, the resumption of murder in the jungle or deserts seems almost excusable for the truce observed during our days of mourning. But perhaps even that apparent truce was merely the result of the cutting off of all news save that concerned with Westminster Hall and Windsor. And now Parliament is again in daily session and we can form our own judgment of whether business at home is as usual or . . . better than usual.

Election Expenses, Test Case.—In the test case argued and decided before Mr. Justice MacNair, *The Times* and other defendants were acquitted, the Judge instructing the Jury to enter that formal verdict. I enjoy these legal arguments. Exceptionally, I found that *The Times* leader-writer summed up more lucidly for the layman than did the learned judge. For the bones and beak of the failure of the Crown to make out its case was based less on the meaning of phrases in an Act than on common sense and common fairplay. In this case no particular candidate was put forward or recommended to a particular constituency. How then could any candidate apportion the cost in his election expenses? The intention of the Act was to equalise the power of rich and poor candidates alike to influence their own election. No candidate can fairly be made responsible for the (even personally) well-intentioned efforts of well-wishing strangers to secure his election unless it is reasonably proved that he must have known that *his* constituency and *his* candidature were the clear objects of the expenditure, and he was consenting thereto. It is common sense. No man would stand for Parliament if he were liable to penalty and opprobrium for actions by third parties beyond his knowledge or control, and no newspaper which accepts the notices of public companies can be expected to scrutinise such notices for oblique breaches of an Act operating during elections.

Tommy Moore.—Thomas Moore, the sweet singer and minor poet, died a century ago on February 25. It is a centenary I will not miss recording, because among my earliest memories are first-hand accounts of him and of his ballad-singing by my grandmother, who knew him well. During her first widowhood (1838-1844) she lived often at Bowood, and for a time had a house in the neighbourhood where Tom Moore also lived for a time; he also was a constant guest at Bowood. Looking back on his career, one must concede that he made history, social history. He, in a new way, made a marriage of romantic verse with sweet music; he was a Gilbert-and-Sullivan-in-romantic-vein in his own person. He was one moiety of the drawing-room entertainment of great Whig houses in his time—"Albums (Views of Venice) and Tommy Moore's ballads." He was small, handsome, romantic; and his throaty, small voice could compass the notes of a flute, silky and angelic. My grandmother used to say that when he sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," the whole company—even the most robustious foxhunters—melted in tears. We know now that he was a very minor poet. It was not so in his prime. The romance of his sentimental technique melted reason and criticism. It is difficult to believe that his "Lalla Rookh" won him international fame in a night and set him for a time on the plane of Byron. But it was so, and Byron liked, trusted and admired him. For my part, I hold him in affectionate memory. I am still charmed and touched by his minor genius in ballad-making a century after his death, as have been a score of our greatest singers. But I cannot forgive him his life of Sheridan, a biography which has preserved for 100 years the calumnies of the day which traduced the character of one of our noblest statesmen. True, Moore was past his best and grew bored with the book before he had half finished it. But it had been

better if he had burned it, as Byron's memoir was burned. Moore was the son of a grocer. Lawrence has left us his picture. In his prime he looked like the son of a hundred kings.

Back to Normal?—For some days the nation has returned to its normal routine. It is not too late nor is it waste of time to record, and to examine, the circumstances of our national life and our manner of thought during the nine days beginning on February 6, when the nation heard the news of the late King's sudden death and found life turned upside down. February 6 to 14 were in a sense a nine-days wonder. A wonder because this people laid aside some of the meanness and petty vices of the age, a wonder because it assumed again the virtues, the unity and the fineness which made us great (and still make us great) in time of trouble. On February 5 statesmen and political writers were talking earnestly of the shortage of time before Parliament for dealing with the enormous pressure of the nation's vital business. A single hour of Parliamentary time wasted was dangerous, irreparable! On the next day all Parliamentary business ceased and nothing was done of normal business for nearly two weeks—say 100 hours. (Perhaps *solvitur ambulando* is as effective as plans and discussions.) The *essential* services were, of course, maintained, the export drive, the civil and other services, the railways, the football league matches and pools, mining, gas and electricity and prize-fighting. For the rest, the citizen's life was entirely abnormal. For nine days we all had a rare opportunity for reflection, a real chance to "amend our lives," to assess and to follow the example of a good man's life, to estimate a good citizen's responsibilities in duty and service and responsibility. To assist us, the B.B.C. and the cheaper Press cut out a great deal of the vulgarity and triviality of their daily fare for listeners and readers and gave us a little silence, a deal of good music and literature, and some well-meant uplift, which a small minority resented. At Westminster Hall, in the streets and at Windsor, hundreds of thousands were able to observe a scene of matchless dignity and serenity.

Nine-Days Wonder.—For nine long days—and in retrospect they seem multiplied—it is fair to say that a nationwide, worldwide propaganda drive towards repentance and uplift was carried on continuously as a result of the King's death, with every condition and device favourable to success planned and assured. The power of propaganda has been widely acclaimed and recognised. Many big efforts have been made in our time for good or evil, but mostly for evil. As examples, the Nazi efforts of the '30's and '40's, the Communist efforts of to-day. Are we to say that such giant efforts are successful for evil purposes but ephemeral for good? That is now to be proved. We have had a real chance; we may profit by it or we may not. Are we to drift back to pettiness, to class hatred, to vulgar triviality, greed and selfish ambition, to ill-manners and lack of restraint and courtesy? Will the columnists be as impertinent, the gossip-writers as intrusive, the party politicians as bitter and unjust? Is it to be every nation and every man for himself or all for God and the human family? Well, it won't be a *millennium* we may be sure. If "a painful inch" is seen to have been gained, King George VI will not have died in vain. But the glories of a new Elizabethan Age will not depend alone on the worth and the sense of duty of a young Queen but on the resolution and the *decency* of uncountable millions of her subjects in this small island. We wait therefore to learn the extent of power inherent in mass-propaganda-for-good, with what hope we may. Next week, perhaps, we may be able to record clearer pointers to tell us which way the wind blows.

What 's in a Name?—We must not dismiss it as merely petty nationalism or topical journalism that so soon after the late King's funeral questions should be ventilated as to Queen Elizabeth's designation as Elizabeth II or as to the family name of the Royal house. The monarchy *matters* tremendously, and therefore its names and designations are important, especially since the oaths to be taken afresh at a new reign hinge and depend for validity on the correct designation; not to mention the new coinage, stamps and so forth. Questions raised in Scotland as to the designation of Queen Elizabeth are certainly academic but not altogether petty, the pinpricks merely of Anglophobe or Scotophil hotheads. Not that such questionings will alter what is already settled. The family name of the Royal house henceforth is another such question which is academic and not likely to affect the clear intentions of 1917 and the will of the nation in 1952. Yet it is worth a note that the declaration of 1917 as to the assumption of the name of Windsor for the Royal house was not as clear and farsighted as it might have been. Who can foresee the future? In the early years of the nineteenth century, George III had a large family of vigorous sons. Yet in 1837 a young girl ascended the throne. In 1917 George V had four sons, and it seemed safe enough to declare that "all the descendants *in the male line* of our said grandmother Queen Victoria . . . shall bear the name of Windsor." Yet in 1952 a Queen sits on the throne, a Queen who surely *is* in the male line. Mountbatten or Windsor? Lives there a single academic questioner who questions the answer? The whole nation would unite to drive a coach-and-six through any declaration or Act which did not clearly, constitutionally and legally assure to all our sovereigns to the end of time the family name of Windsor, our stronghold and our shrine.

THE OLD STAGER

QUEUEING BENEATH THE WINDSOR BATTLEMENTS TO SEE THE WREATHS

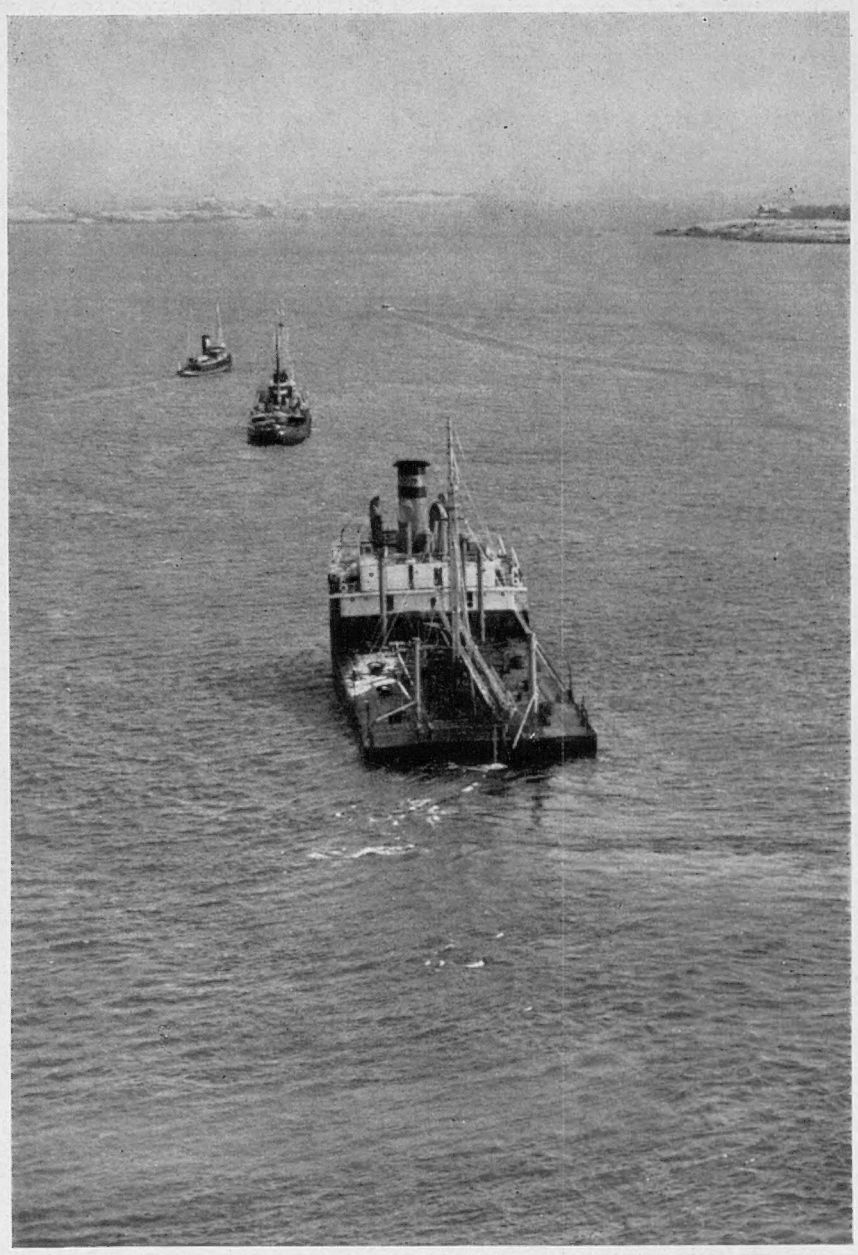
THE HOMAGE TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI CONTINUED IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING HIS FUNERAL: This was part of the great queue which formed in the streets of Windsor to gain admission to the Castle precincts to see the Chapel where the King lies at rest and the many hundreds of wreaths which carpeted the surrounding lawns. On February 16 more than 120,000 people passed through the Castle grounds, and about 15,000 others were turned back disappointed. By last week-end more than 200,000 people had entered the Castle precincts. Trains and buses coming into Windsor were thronged with people wishing to pay homage at the Castle. So many came by road that most of the Windsor car-parks were full. So great was the crowd that the Castle staff rearranged the wreaths in order to allow the people to circulate through the Lower Ward freely. Many of the visitors dropped bunches of narcissi, daffodils or snowdrops as they passed down the banks of wreaths. The many hundreds of wreaths were of great variety, large and small, simple and elaborate. One of the most remarkable was a crown worked in red, white and blue sent by the street traders of Fulham.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL BEARER PARTY RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE AT THE PALACE

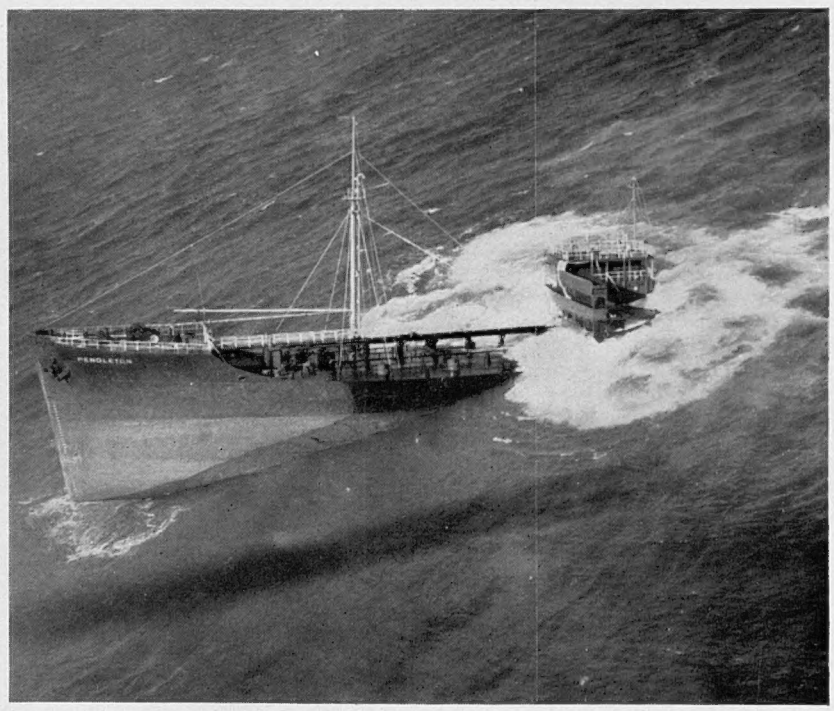
THEIR LAST SERVICE TO THE LATE KING: The bearer party of an officer, warrant officer and eight other ranks of the King's Company, Grenadier Guards, who carried the coffin at the funeral of the King, leaving Buckingham Palace after being received by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. They are carrying signed photographs taken at the funeral and presented by Her Majesty. Leading the party is Lieutenant A. D. Y. Naylor-Leyland.

TWO WELDED SHIPS BREAK UP IN ATLANTIC STORMS

Once Again Raising the Question, is Welding Safe?



THE BATTLE FOR THE "FORT MERCER," THE 16,500-TON TANKER WHICH SPLIT IN TWO IN A STORM OFF CAPE COD, THE BOW SECTION SINKING AND THE STERN HALF BEING TOWED TO BLOCK ISLAND, RHODE ISLAND: *Left*—The bows tilting upwards from the turbulent waters of Cape Cod as men of the Coast Guard cutter *Yakutat* operated the life-rafts. The captain and some of the members of his crew leapt from the bow section and were rescued by the life-rafts. Five men lost their lives during these perilous jumps. *Right*—The *Fort Mercer* entering Narragansett Bay en route to Rhode Island. On board the stern section were thirteen members of the crew who stayed with the vessel to help the tow. The *Fort Mercer* was a T-2 tanker and the twelfth of her class to break apart.



THE LAST HOURS OF THE TANKER "PENDLETON," THE ELEVENTH WELDED SHIP OF THE SAME CLASS TO MEET WITH DISASTER: *Left*—The stern section of the *Pendleton*, from which thirty-two men were rescued when she was driven ashore near Chatham, Massachusetts. One seaman was drowned during these operations. *Right*—The bow section, which was cast upon Pollock Rip Shoal. When a cutter reached the Shoal there was no trace of any survivors from this section of the ship.

Across 150 miles of raging Atlantic Ocean the wallowing stern section of the tanker *Fort Mercer* was last week towed to safety by Coast Guard cutters. Twenty-one men had been rescued from the ship and thirteen others elected to remain in the wallowing half-section during its perilous journey. Meanwhile, four other men, including the captain, who was suffering from pneumonia and frostbite, were rescued from the *Fort Mercer*'s bow section, which had already drifted forty miles away down the Massachusetts coast.

More serious was the plight of the *Pendleton*, another tanker of the same class which also broke in half in the same storm nine men losing their lives in a crew of forty-one. The ship was a total wreck.

While the *Fort Mercer*'s survivors were being borne shorewards, the U.S. Coast Guard announced that a board of inquiry would meet immediately in Boston. The split-ups of the 16,500-ton *Fort Mercer* and the 10,448-ton *Pendleton*, both of which were carrying fuel oil from Gulf ports to New England, brought to twelve the number of such welded ships to break apart. Of the T-2 type vessels now in service 523 were built in the 1943-45 wartime rush.

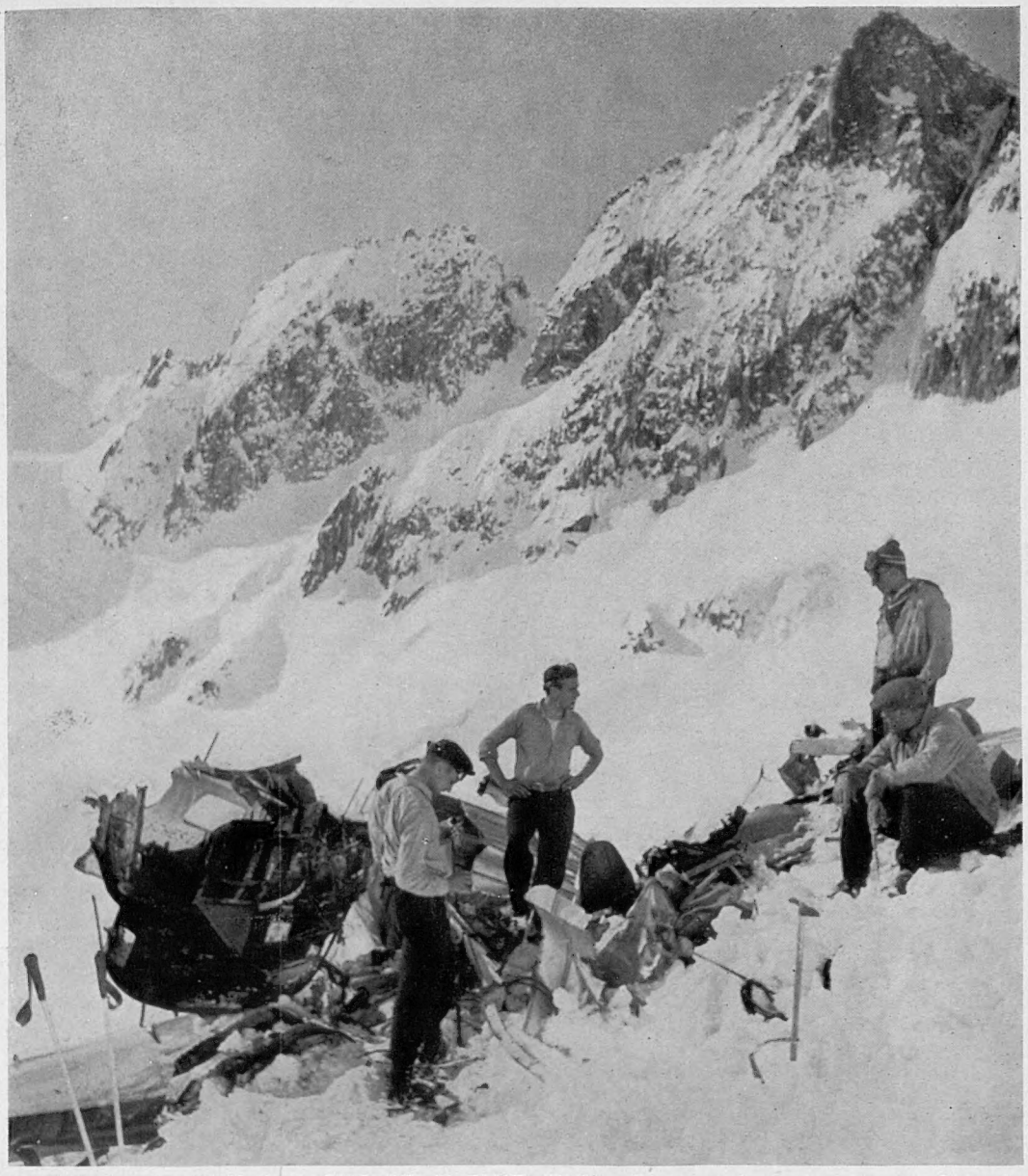
Throughout the American Press, questions are being raised regarding the safety of these welded ships, and it has become known that insurance underwriters in London and New York are worried about the fate of so many welded ships. Rear-Admiral Halert C. Shepheard, Chief of the American Coast Guard's Office of Merchant Marine Safety, has declared: "We will have some refinements to make as a result of lessons still to be learned from recent losses." Admiral Shepheard also stated: "When, during the war, Liberty and Victory ships and tankers were built with welded hulls there was much that was not known about the strength of welded vessels. Faced with the same circumstances, we would do the same again. We would still be fighting the war if we had not taken that risk. To-day we still do not know the complete answer to the structural failure of some of these vessels."

Most of the large vessels now being constructed in the United States were riveted along most of their longitudinal seams. The Liberty ship *Helen Stevenson*, which made port at Bermuda in the recent storm after developing a crack across her main deck, would undoubtedly have broken in two if she had not been strengthened with straps.

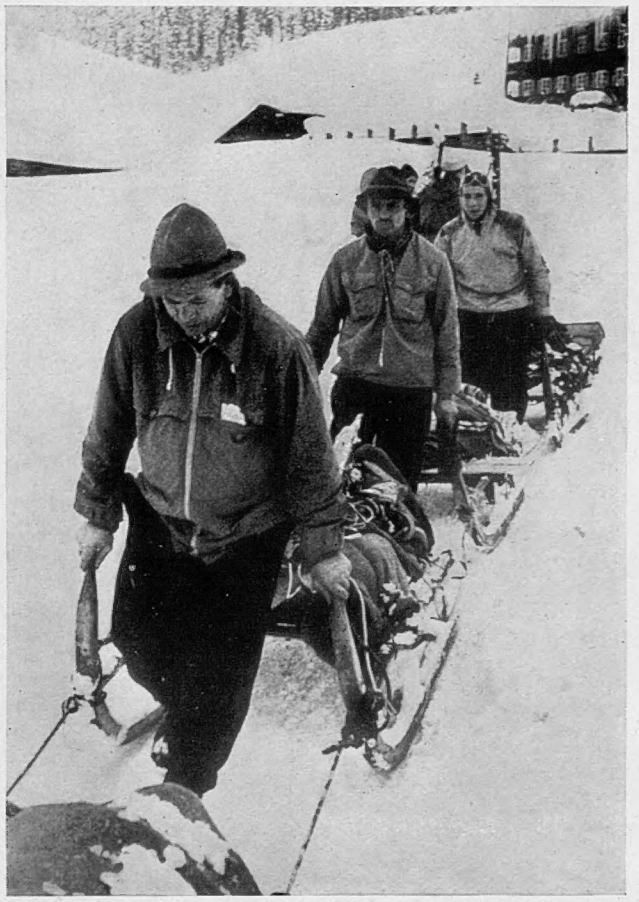
At last week's sitting at Boston of the Coast Guard inquiry into the splitting of the *Fort Mercer*, Julio Molina, a Puerto Rican seaman, said that four hours before the vessel split he saw oil on the water and one of the ship's plates fall away. When he told the master, Captain Paetzel, the latter pushed him aside, saying: "It 's none of your ——— business." Molina's evidence was corroborated by Thomas Gill, second assistant engineer. He said he distinctly heard a plate snap at the time mentioned by Molina.

DISASTER
in the ALPS and SICILY

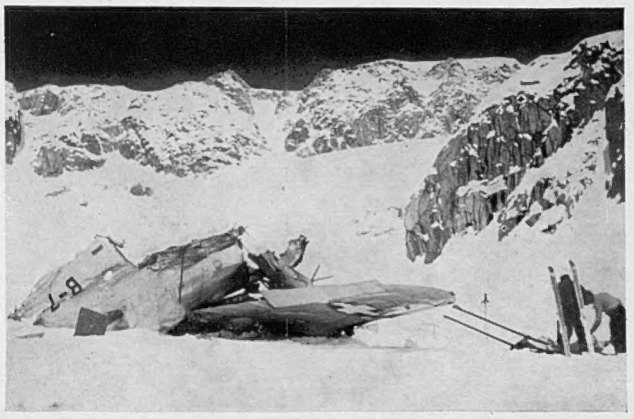
A Beechcraft Plane Crashes in Switzerland; An Avalanche in Austria; The Viking Crash in Sicily



TRAGEDY IN THE SWISS ALPS—FOUR DIE IN PLANE CRASH: Rescue workers are seen searching the wreckage of the Beechcraft plane which crashed into the side of Galmhorn, 2,950 ft. above sea-level. The Beechcraft, a twin-engined plane carrying four occupants, was on a flight from Geneva.



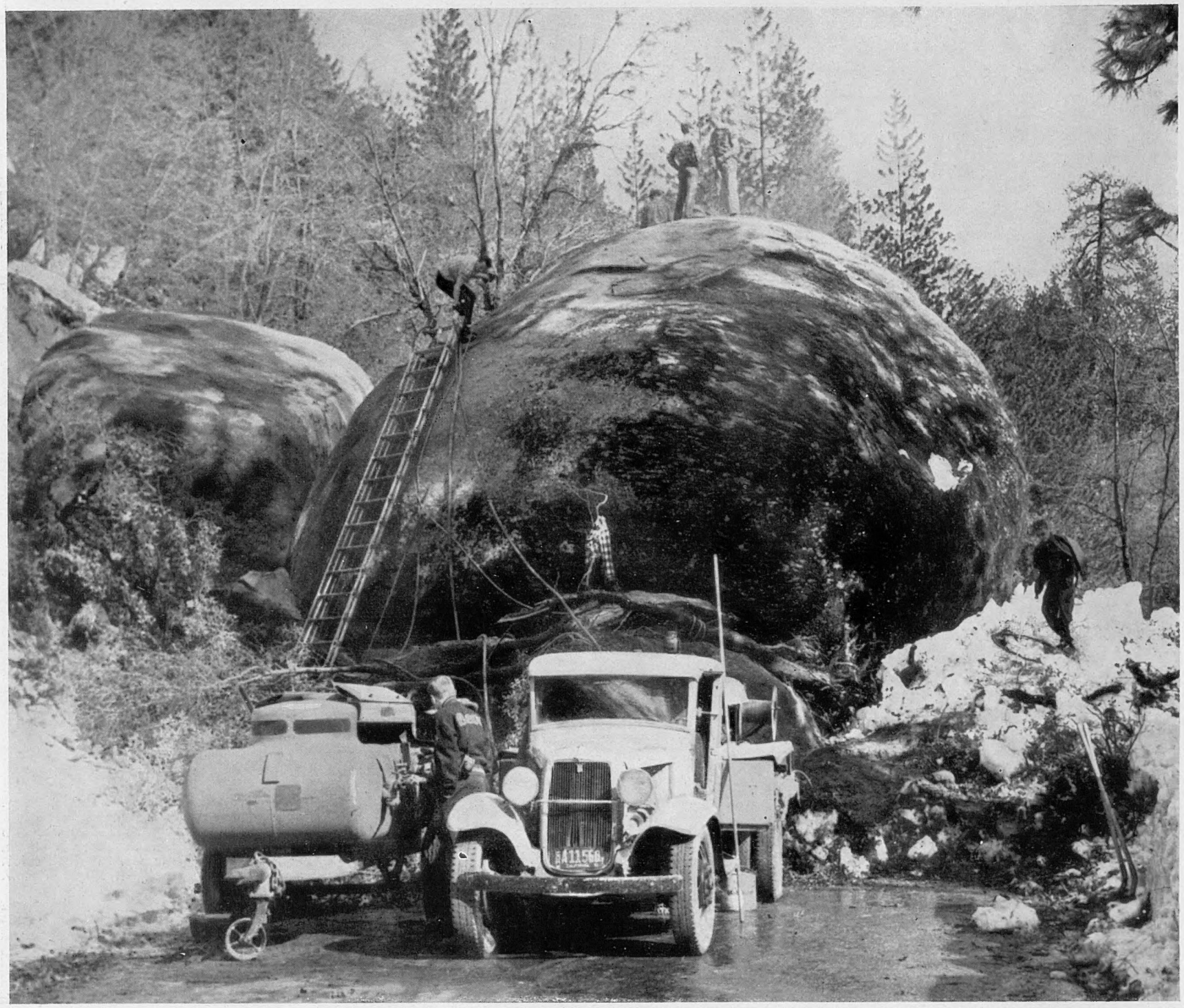
VICTIMS OF AN AVALANCHE IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS: A rescue team is seen removing the bodies of some of the twenty German holiday-makers who met their deaths when an avalanche of snow roared down Hochisen mountain, burying a ski-resort inn near Melkoede. The entire roof of the inn was sheared off by the great weight of snow.



THE WRECKED PLANE ON THE SIDE OF GALMHORN: Two of the rescue workers, equipped with skis, are seen on the right shortly after their arrival at the scene of the accident.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE VIKING AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THIRTY BRITISH PASSENGERS AND CREW WERE KILLED WHEN IT CRASHED ON A MOUNTAINSIDE IN SICILY: The Union Jack can still be seen on the broken wing, and pieces of twisted metal and equipment lie scattered over a wide area. The Viking was on a passage to Nairobi when it hit the western slopes of Mount Rose, in south-west Sicily. A rescue party reported that the plane's nose was buried in deep snow and that although the clothing of some of the dead showed signs of burning, the aircraft did not catch fire. So great was the force of impact that one of the engines was found over half a mile away. A local peasant said that the crash took place about 7 p.m. on February 16 during a snowstorm. The peasant heard the engines stop suddenly, but he was unable to see what had happened to the aircraft.

A PARTY OF RESCUE WORKERS SEARCH THE WRECKAGE OF THE VIKING THAT CRASHED IN SICILY ON ITS JOURNEY TO KENYA: The wreckage was sighted by R.A.F. and Italian aircraft and rescue parties immediately set out from Palermo, Sciacca and Agrigento. They found no survivors. The wreckage lay in country of a very wild and rugged nature and tributes have been paid to the prompt, unsparing efforts of the rescue parties from local villages to reach the wreck 3,500 ft. up the mountainside.

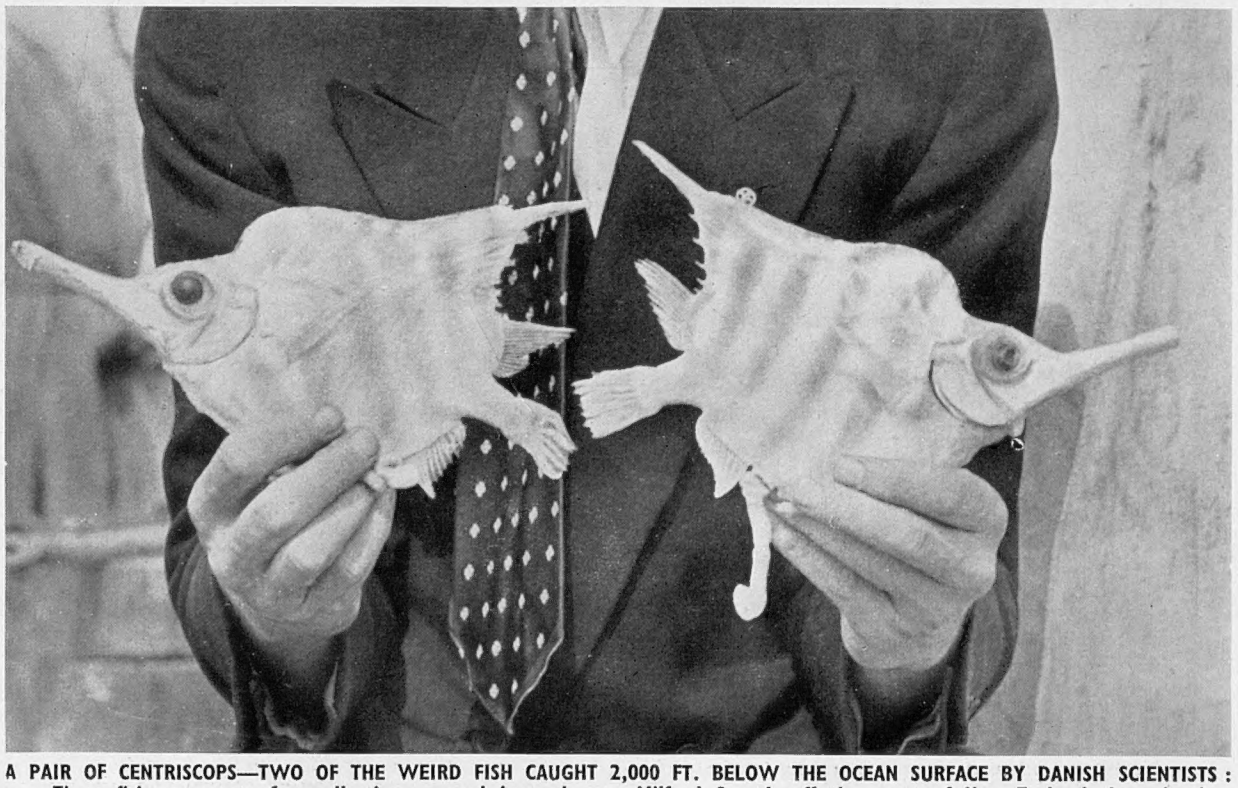


AN OUTSIZE BOULDER BLOCKS A CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAY: This massive rock came crashing 200 ft. down the mountainside in the Californian High Sierra east of Kyburz when its foundations were weakened by rain and snow. In this picture workmen are seen drilling around the boulder to release winter-sports enthusiasts cut off in the country beyond.

California, home of so much fantasy, has produced this winter some of the most fantastic weather in living memory. Railways, highways, trains and cars have been all but lost in deep snow; houses have been overwhelmed by floods and by the moving seas of mud that followed. When the great boulder seen above crashed on to an important road, bringing with it an avalanche of snow, mud and stones, a highways official said: "I only hope no automobiles were below it!" Engineers now have the problem of moving the rock.

FREAKS OF THE MOUNTAINS AND DEEPS

A Giant Boulder Blocks a Road in California; Ocean Mysteries are Brought to the Light of Day



A PAIR OF CENTRISCOPS—TWO OF THE WEIRD FISH CAUGHT 2,000 FT. BELOW THE OCEAN SURFACE BY DANISH SCIENTISTS: These fish are part of a collection secured in and near Milford Sound, off the coast of New Zealand, by scientists in the Danish research frigate *Galathea*. Some of the specimens have not been identified and may be new to science. The collection includes fish with transparent bodies and sea spiders that seem to be a collection of legs joined at one point, with no body at all. From the Philippines Deep, the deepest water ever sounded, came tiny creatures that live in darkness and in a pressure 1,000 times greater than normal atmospheric pressure.

On right—

Living in the deepest parts of the world's oceans, at pressures that could squash a cylinder of steel, are some of the strangest forms of life known to man. Danish scientists on the research vessel *Galathea* have recently been searching the waters around Milford Sound, New Zealand, and have brought to the surface specimens that may be entirely new to science. The centriscops in this picture were caught only 2,000 ft. below the surface but, in the Philippines Deep, nets from the *Galathea* went down 34,000 ft., a depth never reached before, and brought to the top bacteria which are being preserved at a pressure of 15,000 lb. to the square inch—the pressure at that depth. Some bulbous fish were found more than 4,500 ft. down in southern Hawke's Bay. Only a few inches long, these fish have enormous heads, eyes and teeth. In the Tasman Sea a crab, spiked and grotesque, was caught at 15,000 ft. Dr. Anton Bruun, deputy Keeper of the Zoological Museum at Copenhagen University and leader of the scientific party, said that tens of thousands of specimens will be captured and preserved, and it may be years before the reports and studies are completed. Meanwhile, the *Galathea* has an extensive programme of work before her. The waters off Tonga and Suva are to be explored and depths already recorded will be checked with modern echo-sounding equipment. Later the frigate will work in waters off Hawaii, California, Panama and the West Indies, and is due to return to Copenhagen in July.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW PADDLING PAST THE CUTTER INN AT ELY: They moved to Ely from their home waters for a short spell of training until moving to Putney on March 11. Cambridge had their last outing on home waters on Wednesday of last week, and when they rowed down to Ely they had taken up what is now obviously intended to be their racing order. The Light Blues have been highly praised during their initial period of training, and now at Ely they have a chance to continue their work away from the crowd of spectators which usually follows them every day at Cambridge. At Ely the coaching is in the hands of Dr. Raymond Owen.

HOME NEWS

FROM LONDON, THE PROVINCES, SCOTLAND, AND NORTHERN IRELAND

On left—
OPENING THE NEW SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND: Lord Macdermott (left foreground) about to enter his car after the ceremony at which he read the Queen's Speech in the absence through illness of the Governor. Standing next to Lord Macdermott is Sir Anthony Babington

On right—
JENNIFER BEVAN WEDS IN LONDON: The former Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, with Captain John Lowther after their marriage. The ceremony had been postponed owing to the death of the King. Miss Bevan is the elder daughter of Mr. John and Lady Barbara Bevan, of Midhurst, Sussex.

IN SCOTLAND'S GREAT GLEN THE FASTEST HOUSING PROJECT IN BRITAIN IS BEING PUSHED AHEAD: *Above*—Joseph Boyd, from Donegal, rounding-up cattle on the Great Glen Ranch, a few miles from Fort William, where the Anglo-Canadian rancher, Mr. J. W. Hobbs, of Inverlochy Castle, is not only revolutionising methods of cattle-raising, but is building up a new and prosperous community. To this end he has launched a high-speed housing scheme, and new homes are going up at the rate of one per day. *Right*—One of the new-type timber houses which Mr. Hobbs is erecting. Mr. Hobbs saw the houses while visiting the Norwegian town of Kristiansund, contacted the manufacturers, and then obtained permission to import a number of them. Ten have already been delivered and built, and more are on order. In the very near future the hundred workers and their families in the Great Glen project will be brought together in a composite Highland community.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Record with Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The Lisbon Story.—The ninth meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Council at Lisbon was convened to shake the fourteen contracting nations (Turkey and Greece as newcomers) into a coherently working whole, with all agreed as to objectives and how to reach same, individually.

The opening was aptly in the Necessities Palace, reminder that "the time had now come for the hard unspectacular job of translating decisions into action" (Mr. Acheson). The Council later retired to the Technical Institute for meetings in private, while 300 Press correspondents sleuthed, asked questions at conferences, skimmed through hand-outs, and filled in with "think stuff."

Of the eight items on the agenda, most important were—how and what the nations should individually contribute to the general defensive scheme, the relationship of the European Defence Community (meaning mainly the European Army) and N.A.T.O., and the latter's streamlining on a new basis.

The first of these introduced a new piece of technical jargon. By "infra-structure" we are expected to visualise the airfields, communications and other semi-permanent construction required by the allied forces.

Canada's Mr. Lester Pearson, favourite for the post of N.A.T.O.'s first Permanent Secretary-General, conjured a Council in permanent session, with all its satellite boards concentrated, and having its own Civil Service. The new H.Q. is likely to be Paris. It is hoped to keep plenary sessions, such as Lisbon's, to 250 persons.

Though not yet of it, Germany will be quite near to N.A.T.O. for the time being, by her membership of the European Army, which will work in closest contact—not just liaison—with forces of the British Commonwealth and the United States, members of N.A.T.O. but not of the European Army. The objective for all is identical—*enough to put up a sure and successful defence.*

Portugal's plea for Spain's admission encountered muteness, which did not necessarily mean hostility. Spain is liable to be moved towards N.A.T.O. by the same process as that acting in Germany's case. The Americans expect to build a vast air headquarters for all Europe, somewhere north of Madrid. Such things can operate in only one way as regards Spain—"mix her up" with Europe's defensive.

N.A.T.O. OPENS IN LISBON—THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE NINTH ASSEMBLY OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION: This was the scene in the Portuguese Parliament during the first session. The flags of the North Atlantic countries were grouped behind the rostrum.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO—THE FIRST PICTURE TO BE RELEASED FOLLOWING THE WITHDRAWAL OF CENSORSHIP: The picture shows the complete devastation of the great hotel which was once the haunt of kings, princes and millionaires and which was attacked by the mob during the recent Cairo riots. Until this picture reached London the full extent of the damage to Shepheard's was not appreciated.

The Tragedy of Shepheard's.—As an all-the-year-round earner of big money, very few hotels in the whole world did better than Shepheard's, the celebrated caravanserai in the centre of Cairo, which was started by a man of that name many, many years ago, and grew to be a cosmopolitan meeting-place *hors concours*.

This is a picture of it after Cairo's Black Saturday, January 26. It is said that £1,000,000 will be needed to build a successor, at existing prices, although there will never be another "Shepheard's," which grew a new and peculiar bit every so often, down the generations.

In its final form, the hotel was the rendezvous of the most *de luxe* "tourism," and the void left for quite a long time ahead is one of the things calculated to add to King Farouk's madness with Nahas Pasha, who did worse than nothing at the hour of crisis to stop the extremists' protracted mastery of Central Cairo.

"Shepheard's" are not built in a day, and meanwhile the murderous riots have cooled many intending visitors, although the new Government has undertaken all responsibility for the safety of foreigners, and is making a sum of £5,000,000 eventually available towards the major and most imperative work of reconstruction

ISLAM BELLIGERENT: Sheikh Abdul Hussein Wahedi addressing a news conference in Teheran when he called for the freeing from gaol of the leader of Fedayan Islam, Navab Safavi, whose portrait is seen on the wall behind him. He threatened that Fedayan Islam was planning an attempt on the life of Dr. Mossadek, the Premier

Mossadek's Dilemma.—As the stoppage of nearly all refining at Abadan attains its fifth month, the effect on Persia's national economy and living standards has turned out to be all that was foretold; so much so that the bed-borne Premier, Dr. Mossadek, has been enjoined by the Shah to make every effort to prevent a breakdown of the talks with the World Bank delegates in Teheran.

The Bank's proposal is to operate the oil industry for the Persian Government and divide the profits between Persia and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company as the world marketing board. But the moving finger writes that if Persia doesn't look sharp, her oil sales will be replaced by other sources: nor all Mossadek's wit will summon back a gallon of them. It is hard not to connect the Premier's dilemma with the threat of assassination he has received from the Muslim terrorist Sheikh Abdul Hussein Wahedi, head of the Crusaders of Islam, responsible for the murder of the late Premier, General Razmara, last summer which crime precipitated the whole Iranian flare-up.

Wahedi demands the release of the Fedayan (Crusaders') leader, Navab Safavi, and his threat is extended to other prominent men in and around the Government, one of whom, the editor Fatemi, possibly the closest unofficial adviser to the Premier, has already been severely wounded by a boy of sixteen, who cried "God is most great" as he fired.

AN OIL TRAIN DYNAMITED IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE: A corporal of a British unit is seen standing guard over the train after it had been blown up by mines when moving south between Port Said and Ismailia. The attack was presumed to have been the work of terrorists, and as a result Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine took stern measures.

THE FIRST LADY OF ARGENTINA IS OUT AND ABOUT: Madame Eva Peron, wife of the Argentinian President, in conversation with Georges Carpentier, of boxing fame, when the latter called at the Presidential residence during his recent visit to Buenos Aires in connection with the Luna Park anniversary celebrations.

A Thin and Frail Eva.—It is fashionable to write letters to posterity on the lines of " Of course you 'll know all about what happened to us, but we thought you might like to read how we felt as we went through it."

If it should ever come across such headlines in the British Museum annexe, as " Meatless Day For World's Meat Capital," posterity's judgment is pretty sure to be affected.

The cold war sickness of unbalance of consumption and exports has taken hold of Argentina to the extent of causing President Peron to decree an " inflexible austerity," and Madame Eva Peron to risk the ire of housewives who have heretofore purred at her stroking. She is likely to be helped by the way she is standing up to her malady ; a thin and frail Eva, but putting a smiling face on things.

Buenos Aires is a " must " for globe-trotters of mark. Whatever one's views, goings-on there are palpably of interest. The latest to be feted by the President and his wife is Georges Carpentier, former French heavyweight champion.

The one-time youthful miner, who started by giving stars to Bombardier Wells at Ghent thirty-nine years ago, is to-day a tall, thin, elegant man of fifty-eight, who runs bars in the Champs-Elysées district.

MARIE BESNARD IN COURT: The widow, who is accused of poisoning eleven people, has been under arrest for 31 months.

Marie Besnard in the Dock.—Over 200 journalists attending the trial of Marie Besnard at Poitiers were used to put that town back on the map. Civic lunches were offered them, at which jokes about arsenic were barred. They heard enough of poison each day in court, when Marie, a widow of fifty-five, answered a fresh murder charge.

There are striking points of similarity between her case and that of Desiré Landru, the " Bluebeard " of thirty years ago. Same origin—the " little bourgeoisie " ; same record for respectability ; same main feature—very dark eyes ; same age when the killing is alleged to have begun ; same motive—gain ; same number of victims—eleven.

Same discovery that neither was as " correct " as believed ; same discovery by sheer accident that something was wrong ; same long months of watching each for signs of madness ; same record pre-trial detention (Landru thirty-four months, Besnard, thirty-one) ; same total denial of all the charges.

The Widow Besnard is charged with giving arsenic to her alleged eleven dead. Oh, and I was forgetting perhaps the most striking similarity : Landru executed his crimes during the Occupation of 1914-18, and Marie is charged with having committed nearly all hers during the 1940-44 Occupation or its aftermath, when normal policing and inquiry were alike absent.

THE WORST BLIZZARD IN FIFTY YEARS DISLOCATES COMMUNICATIONS IN NORTH JUTLAND: This was a street scene in Aalborg before 1,000 of the local inhabitants took over the task of clearing the roads for traffic.

The Blizzard Month.—A good case could be made out for February as the most treacherous month in Europe. Rain, floods, blizzards, avalanches —seldom do they skip February.

This year the worst-hit regions have been the Austrian Tyrol, where the worst winter for a century has come to a head, the area round Trieste, which has had to be fed by parachute, the Western Alps above Lake Geneva, and North Jutland. Scotland will no doubt want to be mentioned, too.

Vienna had 12,000 men trying to keep the city passable, and even in little Danish Aalborg, a thousand workers took over a day to clear away the heavy snow-drifts. Les Chauds-de-Fonds, where the (Swiss) watches and clocks come from, had the greatest depth of snow for fifty years—about 6 ft.

No February goes by without additions to commercial air disasters ; among the latest being that which befell the British Viking above Palermo, with a loss of thirty-one passengers and crew, Kenya-bound.

Is it not surprising that the leading air transport organisations have never thought of putting their heads together over the indisputable fact that an extravagantly high proportion of the severest accidents in the bad months of the year come from running into mountains or high ground ? (In America, even more so than in Europe.)

WHITE HOUSE RENOVATIONS—THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S OFFICIAL HOME, TO WHICH HE HOPES TO RETURN IN THE FIRST WEEK IN APRIL: To rebuild the interior and save the place from collapse, over 5,500,000 dollars have had to be spent. Mr. Truman and his family moved to neighbouring Blair House shortly after his Presidential victory in 1948.

Back to the White House.—President Truman is so anxious to get back for a spell in the White House before his second term ends, that he says he " keeps a shotgun after the builders all the time." He had hardly returned to Washington after his astonishing lone victory in 1948 than experts decided the White House was suffering from acute internal rot and would cave in if left unattended.

An entire new shell has been fitted inside the handsome, southern-style building, whose exterior will remain the same as in Dolly Madison's day (not counting big additions in the form of annexes).

There is a unique style—*ton*—about the White House. I recall feeling that when perambulating while waiting on President Harding. This weak, likeable, jacked-up man with the face of a Roman senator, thought memories of his early, journalistic days would do for me. I was headed for a Paris post and he told how he had tried to get *his* editor to send him to Paris in the '90's ; but the *Marion Star* couldn't run to it.

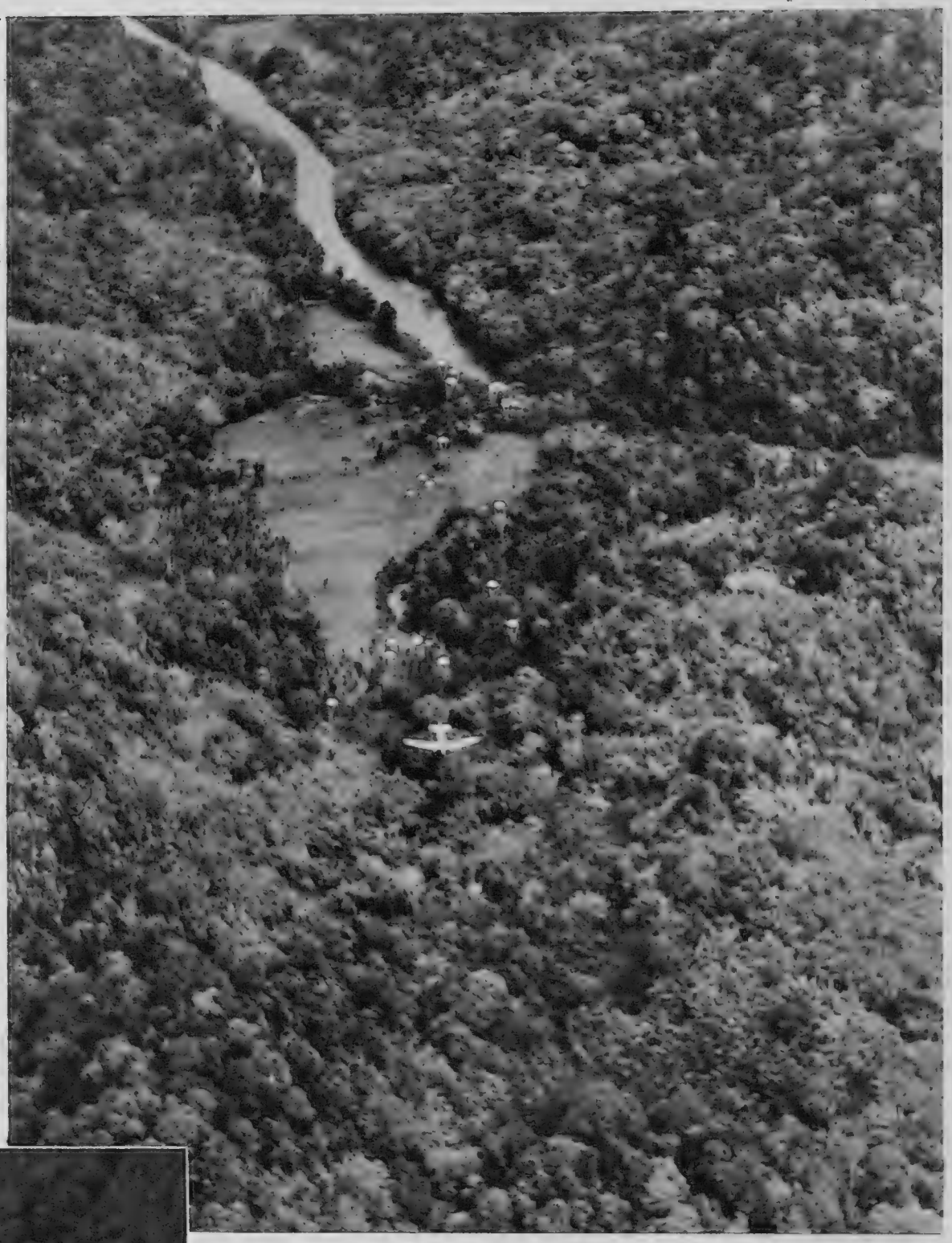
Close upon three-years work at the White House will have cost £1,750,000. The Trumans go across frequently from Blair House " to see how things are going " and to apply the ginger—even American workmen need it, apparently. The family finds Blair House much too cramped and hopes are high for April, probably the first week.

PARATROOP ACTION IN MALAYA

Sixty Paratroops of the Special Air Service Take Part in an Operation Against a Terrorist Stronghold

A new chapter was opened in the campaign against Communist terrorists in Malaya when paratroops were used recently in the jungles of northern Perak. Fighting against an enemy steeped in the subtleties of jungle warfare and ready to vanish into the wild countryside at the least alarm, British forces have, because of these difficulties, achieved only limited successes against the terrorists. In their operations against Communist strongholds the element of surprise has always been difficult to maintain and this may have been the principal factor in deciding the authorities to use paratroops. The target chosen for this experiment was a key village in a Communist-dominated area, only a few miles south of the Siam border. Through mist, rain and fog, R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. Dakotas flew into the mountain basin and men of the Special Air Service parachuted over a cultivated jungle clearing. Some of them who landed in trees used their 100-ft. ropes to reach the ground, and only three were hurt. Meanwhile, supporting ground troops were moving up to encircle the area and the Siamese police, who co-operated well, were holding the frontier. Later reports, however, indicated that the operation achieved very little. Communists who were holding prepared positions scattered in twos and threes, probably alarmed by the flight of bombers preceding the paratroops.

PARATROOPS EMBARK AT SINGAPORE FOR THEIR DROP OVER THE MALAYAN JUNGLE: These men were among the sixty Special Air Service troops who recently took part in the first parachute action against the Communist terrorists in North Malaya.



BRITISH PARATROOPS DROP INTO A JUNGLE CLEARING DURING AN OPERATION AGAINST COMMUNIST BANDITS IN NORTHERN PERAK, MALAYA: This picture shows the parachutes descending from an R.A.F. plane over the clearing and on the fringe of the jungle. The paratroops were taking part in the first operation of this kind against terrorists in Malaya. The operation was planned to take and destroy a Communist camp in the jungle some days' march from the main cultivated areas and a few miles of the Siamese border. Later it was reported that the flight of bombers that preceded the paratroops may have destroyed the vital element of surprise.

APPROACHING THE TARGET—THE JUNGLE CLEARING SEEN FROM ONE OF THE PLANES TAKING PART IN THE PARACHUTE OPERATION: The clearing lies in a bowl of 4,000-ft. mountains and the dropping operation, twice postponed because of bad weather, was a race against time: low cloud was spilling over the mountains and rain was lashing the area.

PARATROOPS IN ONE OF THE TRANSPORTS RELAX DURING THEIR FLIGHT TO THE TARGET: The target area presented great difficulties. Some of the men landed in trees and only luck prevented others from dropping into the fast-flowing river near by. According to an Army spokesman it has been known for at least a year that terrorists have used the area for resting, regrouping and as a supply base.

A RESORT IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE "CENTRE CLIMATIQUE" AT DSCHANG, AT PRESENT THE ONLY HEALTH RESORT IN THE FRENCH CAMEROON, THE FORMER GERMAN COLONY WHICH THE FRENCH ARE NOW DEVELOPING IN THEIR GREAT SCHEME FOR EQUATORIAL AFRICA: People from the hot and humid coastal areas go up to Dschang to benefit from the cool airs at an altitude of 5,000 ft. Many of the visitors are engineers working on the fast-developing port of Douala and other projects.

DEVELOPING THE FRENCH CAMEROON

PART OF HER MASTER PLAN FOR THE OPENING UP OF VAST AREAS OF FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA

To-day the French territories in West and Central Africa are undergoing momentous changes. The days of exploitation are over, and a new order is coming into being from the Gaboon to Chad, from the Ivory Coast to the French Cameroon. In these hinterlands there is untold wealth in timber, gold, diamonds and produce. There is petrol and palm-oil, and there are beyond doubt the most valuable mineral deposits. To reach this hidden store of wealth, the one thing most needed is highway construction; for until this is achieved the produce of the hinterland cannot flow through to the fast-developing ports of the coastal area. Conversely, the goods from Europe which flow into the West African ports cannot without highways flow eastwards and northwards to the native peoples. The highways must come first; trade will follow. And so it is that the authorities in French Equatorial Africa have devised a ten-year plan of road and port construction, and with the aid of America's Economic Co-operation Administration money and machinery are being made available for the task that lies ahead.

In previous issues of THE SPHERE *illustrated accounts have been given of the developments upon the Ivory Coast and the Gaboon, both of them happy hunting-grounds for French colonisers in the years of the race for Africa. This article, together with the pictures accompanying it, is concerned with that part of the former German colony of the Cameroons which was placed under French Trusteeship and is now being developed in common with the rest of French Equatorial Africa.*

AFTER the First World War the Treaty of Versailles established the Cameroons as a Mandatory Territory. One-fifth of the country, which bordered on Nigeria, went to Great Britain, and the rest to France. When, in 1921, the French were given full political and financial autonomy under a Commissioner of the French Republic, she inherited a country of 163,000 sq. miles which, so far, had not benefited much by European administration. The colonisation scheme of the Germans, who had had control of the Cameroons until the end of the war, had been planned for the benefit of the white settlers at the expense of the black natives. There was unrest and ill-will. Under the Germans, the black man had become distrustful of the white, and they were unable to discriminate between different nationalities of Europeans.

Therefore, when the French took over the administration of the country, it took some years to establish trust among the people. A health service was started and an educational system instituted with the French language being taught in all the schools. This gradually helped to win the friendship and co-operation of the natives. Development of the country continued slowly, but some progress was made. The port of Douala was finished in 1931, with wharfage space to accommodate four ocean-going cargo vessels. The railway, begun by the Germans, was continued to Yaounde to the east and to Nkongsomba to the north. A network of roads was constructed to link the fertile regions of the country with the new port of Douala.

(*Continued on following page*)

THE PORT OF DOUALA IS THE KEY TO THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON: It is thirteen miles from the Gulf of Guinea in the South Atlantic, on the left bank of the Wourri River. Since its construction in 1931, Douala has been able to provide space for four large ocean-going vessels. However, this small port is now congested by the increase of traffic (137,000 export-import tonnage in 1945; 500,000 in 1950). The plan for the new port was put into action in 1948 with a grant of 300,000,000 French francs from the Monnet plan. In April 1949 the actual work began, and when completed it will eventually provide quay-space for eleven ships, all of them big freighters.

Developing the French Cameroon

(*Continued from previous page*)

However, before any programme of commercial exploitation could be put into operation, war once again came as a brake to progress and development. During the war years everything was at a standstill. The occupation of France by Germany allowed of no help for French Cameroon from the mother country. In August 1940, indeed, French Cameroon declared adherence to de Gaulle. Then when France had once again regained her economic footing, she found herself still in possession of a territory that was undeveloped, though potentially rich in natural resources.

With world markets greedy for raw materials, eyes were immediately turned towards French Cameroon. Her riches still lay hidden in the deep, impenetrable forests, the river-beds, the rugged mountains, vast savannah land and high plateaux.

These natural resources await only suitable lines of transportation before exploitation can begin. The potential possibilities are tremendous. In the region of N'Gaundere there is pasturage to support 5,000,000 head of cattle. The climate and the soil of North Cameroon is similar to that of Kano, in Nigeria, where 200,000 tons of groundnuts are produced annually. The geological formation of the mountains to the west proves the presence of tin, and is identical to that of Jos which now produces 11,000 tons a year. There is known to be oil in the sedimentary basin of the Wourri and Sanaga Rivers. Several million acres of forest, rich in hardwood trees, are practically untapped. Rubber can be cultivated with little trouble. Oil palms grow wild over most of the low-lying country to the south and west, and the cocoa, coffee and banana plantations are as productive as any the world over.

CREATING A NEW TRANSPORT LINK IN A HITHERTO ALMOST ROADLESS LAND : Governor Soucadeaux, High Commissioner of French Cameroon, speaking after he had laid the first stone of the new bridge across the Wourri River, a tremendous project which will traverse the estuary which now cuts the low-lying coastal area of French Cameroon in two. When this bridge is completed it will reduce the travel time between Banaberi and Douala to about ten minutes as compared with the present time of anything between two and four hours by the ferry.

DEVELOPING THE POWER RESOURCES OF THE SANAGA RIVER IN FRENCH CAMEROON : Cement is seen being poured to form the foundations of the new power-house, where in the first phase 30,000 kilowatts of electrical power will be generated. Later, if the need arises, 100,000 kilowatts will be produced and allowance will be made for further turbines. At this point the Sanaga River drops 75 ft. at what are known as the Edea Falls.

WORK IN PROGRESS IN A RUBBER FACTORY OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON, WHERE 3,000 TONS OF RUBBER ARE MADE READY FOR MARKET EACH YEAR : Seventy-five per cent. of the rubber is in the form of smoked sheets and 25 per cent. is in rough crepe. On the right are coagulation tanks.

These potentialities were realised by the French as is shown by the tremendous increase in white population during the past two years. In 1949 the population of French Cameroon was 6,000, and now, less than two years later, the figure has passed the 14,000 mark. Officially, also, the need for development was recognised and, three years ago, the Monnet ten-year development plan was launched.

This called first for the fundamental essentials to the development of a new country—communications, power and port facilities. Work on these projects has already commenced.

The existing railway to the port already runs through the banana plantations and reaches into the coffee country in the Nkongsomba area. The one to the east taps the vast forest lands and penetrates into the heart of the cocoa country. The new roads are planned to reach out like searching fingers even farther afield and bring produce from the most remote areas to railhead or direct to the sea. Most important, perhaps, is the " Tin Road " already under construction, which will traverse the western range of mountains and bring ore from the mines in the Banyo area direct to Douala for shipment.

Power will come from the new hydro-electric plant on the Sanaga River, where the picturesque 75-ft. falls at Edea are being harnessed to produce, as a first phase, 30,000 kilowatts of electrical power, with the possibility of increasing to 100,000 kilowatts if the need arises in the future.

The port of Douala, although already handling 500,000 tons of cargo annually, is being enlarged and modernised to handle efficiently more than 1,000,000 tons per year. It will provide deep-water berths for eleven ships, instead of the present four, and one

PALM NUTS BEING CRUSHED BY HAND BETWEEN TWO STONES : A reminder of the old order which is now passing in French Cameroon, where machinery is finding an increasing place.

THE SITE OF THE NEW PORT AT DOUALA, ON THE WOURRI RIVER: When this picture was taken recently, work was being pushed ahead on the foundations of the new wharves which will give accommodation for several more ocean-going ships. Dredgers are operating in the harbour, deepening the channel. Douala is handling 500,000 tons of freight annually, and soon it will be able to handle twice that total. One of the new wharves will deal in particular with timber exports. The port will not only provide an outlet for goods from the French and British Cameroons, but will be linked with the more remote areas of Tchad and Oubangui-Chari.

TIN PRODUCTION IN FRENCH CAMEROON: Native workers washing ore in primitive sluices. Tin will shortly be one of the most important products of the French Cameroon. The area around Mayo-Darle has probably as much ore as the Jos region of Nigeria, which is already producing 11,000 tons per year. The Societe les Etain du Cameroun has been extracting tin from this area for the past eighteen years, but only in small quantities, on account of the difficulty in transporting the ore from the mines to the port of Douala. The new tin road will facilitate export, and the mine is being developed and mechanised. Prospection is being made over an area of about 25,000 square miles from Dschang to Banyo.

BATH-TUB QUININE: Quinine is grown in the mountainous region of Dschang. So far, the extraction of the drug is on a very primitive basis. Bath-tubs are used for the distillation of the bark solution. Quinine plantations were started in 1930 and, during the war, the whole of French Cameroon was supplied from Dschang with this drug, so necessary in a fever-ridden country. Now quinine will be produced in exportable quantities when the new distillation machinery is installed. Two types of tree are grown—Ledgeriana, for medicinal quinine, and the Succirubra, which produces quinine for aperitifs.

wharf alone, reserved solely for the handling of timber shipped in logs, will have an area of 25 acres. A mile-long bridge is being built across the Wourri River to replace the present ferry system, and thus bring produce from the north and west direct to Douala without transhipment.

It is expected that the port of Douala will, in the future, provide an outlet not only for French Cameroon, but also for Tchad and Oubangui-Chari. It has a natural hinterland in the shape of a vast triangle, a thousand miles on each side, having at its three points, Douala, Fort-Lamy and Bangui. This triangle is bounded on the west by the vast mountain range which starts at Tchad and terminates in the 14,000-ft. Cameroon Mountain across the Wourri from Douala. To the south it is bounded by the Crystal Mountains, the impenetrable forests and the swamplands of the Middle-Congo. To the east there is no boundary, but there are the limitless wastes of Central Africa. Within this area live 6,000,000 natives, of various tribes and castes, and, by providing an outlet for their produce, all of them will be able, if they wish, to benefit by the construction of the new port and the lines of communication that lead to it.

In order to effect this development programme in as short a time as possible, it has been necessary to bring mechanisation to the Cameroons for the first time. The day of the native labour gang is now past. Bulldozers and tractors have replaced man-power on the roads and in the forests, on the plantations and mining sites. Oil is pressed from the palm nuts by machinery. Logs are dragged from the forests by tractors and cut into lumber in giant mechanical sawmills. The tom-toms of the work-gangs are silenced and the chanting of the black sawyers is heard no more.

The great majority of this machinery, especially the heavy earth-moving equipment, comes from America and was purchased with Marshall Plan funds. Other machinery, available neither in the States nor France, was purchased with dollar counterpart funds. The total loan to French Cameroon is distributed among the various development projects. Other specific loans are made to individual companies, such as the 1,600,000.00 dollars to le Societe les Bois du Cameroun.

In return for this vast expenditure in metropolitan francs and dollars, the natural resources of a rich tropical country will find their way into the world market and into the stockpiles of strategic materials. As regards tropical hardwood timbers, palm-oil and foodstuffs such as cocoa, coffee and bananas, and also quinine, which is being produced at Dschang, an almost immediate step-up in production can be expected. But the extraction of the minerals known to lie beneath the forests and in the rugged mountain ranges of the north and west is a longer-term project. Prospection in an undeveloped country of such difficult terrain is a slow business. Workable deposits must be found first. Roads must be constructed to them. The earth must be opened up and transport facilities for the ores developed before any returns can be expected. The "Tin Road" to the north is the first step to exploit the existing mines in the Mayo-Darle area. Other mines will follow and, in years to come, it is expected that tin, tungsten, columbite and manganese will all be reaching the world markets from the Cameroons.—GEORGE RODGER.

THE BANANA SPECIAL—FRUIT BEING LOADED ON TO ONE OF THE BANANA TRAINS LINKING THE M'BANGA PLANTATIONS WITH THE PORT OF DOUALA: Bananas grow throughout French Cameroon, but commercial production is concentrated for the most part in the hilly regions of the west. This commercial exportation brings the Cameroon one of its best revenues. In 1950, the export figure was 50,000 tons. A special annexe to the port of Douala is being built to handle the banana traffic.

The HARES, the HOUNDS, and the GYPSIES

The Impact of One Upon the Other, Particularly in the Near Suburban Areas

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN his new book, *Surrey Naturalist*, Mr. Eric Parker, commenting upon the absence of hares in his immediate neighbourhood, suggests that they may have been exterminated by the gypsies. Evidently hares were never plentiful around Mr. Parker's home—and, indeed, one would not expect them to be; South-West Surrey is not good hare country by any means—for he bought a few from a Norfolk farmer and turned them down because he liked to see hares about the fields, and a very good reason too.

But these hares did not last long. The gypsies found them. "Gypsies," says Mr. Parker, "in those days used to drive their carts in lanes close by, and grazed their ponies by the ditches, and you would pass two or three of them sitting by a ditch, and they would smile up at you; but I did not guess that they were snaring hares. They were too clever for all of us, and the hares vanished."

That was twenty years ago, and since then Mr. Parker has seen in that neighbourhood hares on only one occasion. That was on a summer evening when two crossed his drive. That pair demolished a bed of marigolds. The damage that hares can do in a garden, in a field of grain, for that matter, has to be seen to be believed. In the kitchen garden they like carrots, lettuces, broccoli and parsley, but if those plants are not available they will take whatever is. In the flower garden they seem to be especially fond of wallflowers and primulas, but again there is not much that they will refuse (I do not, in fact, know of any hare-proof plant), and the wallflower and primula preference, which holds good for my part of the world, may not do so farther north. I think Mr. Parker was lucky to get off as lightly as that. Those two hares were "travellers," of course, and obviously had not much time to spare, otherwise more would have gone than just one bed of marigolds.

These travelling hares turn up in the oddest places. I have lost vegetables in a town garden from a hare, and that animal had to traverse quite half a mile of pavemented roads and houses to get at my garden. But you can always tell when the culprit is a hare, for the hare feeds in quite a different way from the rabbit. When eating turnips, for example, hares will tear down and leave the outside; when eating wheat they leave the ears; in the same way, they will leave the outside leaves of lettuces, which is a thing that a rabbit would not dream of doing. Yes, you can always tell—and it is nice to know, of course—but the knowledge nearly always comes too late, for these travelling hares do not as a rule (and at any rate not at short intervals) visit the same garden twice. So there is not very much that can be done about it. In any case, it is next door to impossible to keep a hare out of a garden if it wants to get in. No hare thinks anything of hopping over a 5-ft. fence.

I have for a long while now been very interested in the records of hares in towns. I do not believe that their presence in towns is ever more than just a fleeting visit. I do not believe that it has anything to do with a movement in from the country in the way that magpies and foxes have moved in. Our English hares like low, rolling ground and plenty of room all round. Built-up areas are not for them. No, I believe that hares come into towns (and I think that they do so much more frequently than we lie-abed humans have any idea) because there are, so to speak, hare-highways, ancestral routes, which hares have followed for years when journeying from one point to another, and which they still follow. The fact that a town has sprung up across the way does not deter them in the least.

That is a pure guess. I have no evidence to support it. But I do know that hares are astonishingly conservative creatures. They are very clever and very cunning when hunted, but normally they are completely creatures of habit. They have their particular entrances and exits in fields, and they will stick to these as tenaciously as a barnacle to a ship's bottom. Some very powerful force, such as a pack of beagles between the hare and its exit, is needed to make them break a habit. (Even then I have seen a hare break back and go through a pack of beagles before they realised what was happening, and out of the field at the proper exit.) I believe that there is something like this about routes through towns.

But to return to Mr. Parker's hares, or lack of them. This conservatism of the hare in the matter of entrances and exits makes it a very easy animal to snare. A snare is a very simple affair, and anyone can make one in a few moments. Any schoolboy can set a snare. But managing snares is a different matter altogether. Hares are very noisy when they are frightened or hurt, and you can hear their screams a long way off. Gypsies do set snares for hares, of course, and do so very well. They know a hare's track from a rabbit's at a glance, and they know that the hare when running will (unless very closely pursued) find a way through obstacles, whereas the rabbit will jump them. It is a queer habit for an animal that can jump so far and so easily (a hare has been observed to clear a Grand National jump comfortably), but there it is, and knowledge of it has led to many a hare's undoing. Mr. Parker's gypsies would, I am sure, have known all about the habits of hares, and they would, I am sure, have known how to set a snare so that a hare caught would not scream, and I have not the slightest doubt that they helped themselves to one whenever necessary. But I doubt very much if they snared many.

It is not a method beloved of the poacher, for the simple reason that a hare is a big animal, and, even when killed quickly and silently in a snare, covers a lot of ground and is apt to be seen lying there. If you snare hares without permission it means that you must visit your snares frequently (if you do not, your hare may be found by a gamekeeper or by some busybody who might even help himself), and with every visit you increase the risk of getting caught. The snare is excellent for the rabbit: not so good for the hare, even though hares are so very easy to snare.

Those gypsies, I feel sure, would have used dogs and nets. To the uninitiated, it seems that the risk of getting caught is very much greater with the use of dogs and nets in the daytime than with the use of snares. But this is not so. Here again the hare's conservatism tells against him. Once you know your country, you can always tell where a hare will be lying up. If you kill that hare, you can be pretty sure that there will be another in its place the following day. It is the same with trout in a stream: take a trout from a good lie, and there will be a fresh fish in that lie within a few hours. There is a shortage of good accommodation in wild life as well. Knowing where the hares lie, and having a pair of well-trained and fast dogs, the matter becomes fairly simple. Furthermore, it is a difficult matter to explain away a snare and not always very easy to explain your presence on somebody else's land. But a net takes up very little room, and is easily hidden, and you can always be calling off your dogs, which, most unusual, were temporarily out of control. It would have been dogs and nets, I am sure.

And for another reason, which is a curious one, and one that is often overlooked. The gypsy likes his sport. The hare is a game animal. It has been hunted for as long as man has hunted—did not Xenophon course the hare with hounds?—and for very much longer than the fox. The fox is not a game animal, is not a beast of the chase, and (except by foxhunters) is held in low esteem as an animal by country folk generally. Not so the hare: the hare is very much a beast of the chase, and an animal to be respected. Moreover, the hare is a magical beast, an animal around which legends have gathered; all sorts of superstitions, many of them not dead even to-day.

It is natural to hunt the hare with hounds. Time was, and I remember it well, when there were in Hampshire quite a number of village coursing clubs. Farmers keen on the sport would not shoot the hare on their land, and would breed a few greyhounds. One or two of the labourers would have greyhounds also. Sometimes the squire was a coursing enthusiast, sometimes the parson. There would be casual sport on a Saturday afternoon, when the hounds would be tried out. And then there would be four or five small meetings a year. Every now and again somebody well known in the coursing world would be got down to act as judge, and he would wear a scarlet coat and carry a red flag. There would be nothing very outstanding about such a meeting, no first-class dogs, perhaps not many hares killed, but there was certainly a very sound knowledge of hares and hounds, and a great interest in both.

I think that you only find the village coursing club in the Midlands now. Certainly it has gone from Hampshire. But the interest is still there, and especially with gypsies. They do still breed dogs for this purpose. The sport has to be taken as opportunity offers. The gypsy does not bother about a judge, and trusts that he will not have to meet another elsewhere. He trains his dogs for a short, fast course, and to course the hare into a net rather than to kill in the open (though that does happen surprisingly often), and he courses to kill for the pot. For all that it is sport, and the gypsy—I speak here from personal experience—regards his illegal course from just the same angle as does the expert who enters dogs at Altcar.

It is strange how very conservative the gypsy is, too. It is now, I think, a full twenty-five years since a bitch won the Waterloo Cup. Some very good bitches have won the Cup, of course, but you have to go back many years to find bitches like Cerito and Coomassie which would bear comparison with the great dogs like Fullerton and Master M'Grath. Something seems to have happened to the coursing greyhound bitch's skill. It would be really astonishing to find now a final heat in the Waterloo Cup between two bitches as happened in 1885. But the gypsy uses lurcher bitches in preference to dogs.

Another curious link with the past is this. Cerito (a bitch which won the Waterloo Cup three times and weighed 51 lb.) and Coomassie (which won in successive years and was a bitch weighing 44 lb.) were both trained on potatoes and milk. The very mention of such a diet would be sufficient to induce apoplexy in any modern trainer. Gypsies are great believers in potatoes for their lurchers.

Mr. Parker's gypsies took their sport on his hares, I suspect. And then sat in the ditch in the sunshine and discussed their dogs' performance. No doubt they took quite a lot of hares. Perhaps they took the lot. But that I doubt. I am inclined to think that there has been a marked decrease in the numbers of hares in South-West Surrey of recent years, and the gypsies have not been coursing everywhere. It was never a good hare country, and now with the building and the great increase in the number of rabbits (hares will not graze where rabbits have fouled the ground) it is even less so.

Elsewhere in the south, however, they seem to be holding their own pretty well. Of course, they are not so common as they were in William Cobbett's day—he used to see them in great companies on the Wiltshire Downs—but changed farming practice would account for that. There are still plenty everywhere on suitable ground, too many really having regard to the damage they do (though they are saints compared with rabbits), and it seems to me a great pity that the old village coursing club has died out. Not because they kept down hares to any great extent, but because they kept alive in ordinary people knowledge of an ancient sport. But perhaps it is just as well—a day's coursing gave you, I remember, a terrific appetite.

THE GYPSIES MOVE ON—A TYPICAL SPRINGTIME SCENE ON THE ROADS OF BRITAIN WHEN THE CARAVANS BEGIN THEIR JOURNEYINGS: They are passing along the Southend Road at Ilford, and may well be heading for Newmarket Heath or for one or other of the fairs in the East Anglian market towns. Inevitably the dogs walk beside the convoy.

A STOREHOUSE OF THE TUDOR NAVY IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY MADE DURING THE RECENT REMOVAL OF WAR-DAMAGED BUILDINGS

THE TUDOR WINDOWS OF THE "LONGE STORE HOUSE," THE NAVAL STORE IN DEPTFORD DOCKYARD WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN UNCOVERED: *Above on left*—A four-light mullioned window with the original ironwork on the river front of the store. *Right*—A single-light window with original ironwork on the southern side of the building. It has been agreed with the Admiralty that the London County Council will try to save these windows. Also bricks salvaged from the original walls will be used to repair ancient monuments. The store was a key part of the Deptford Dockyard, which King Henry VIII started to construct in 1513.

THE DOUBLE NICHE WITH INSCRIBED TABLET IS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE FINDS MADE AT DEPTFORD: *Left*—A close-up of the niche and (*on right*) a general view showing its position in the old Tudor wall of the naval storehouse. This relic will eventually be re-erected in the London County Council's newly-extended park at Sayes Court, Greenwich. During the centuries the fireplace has been well preserved by deep layers of limewash. It was after bombing had rocked the area and when war damage repairs came to be done that the walls of the original store were found. The L.C.C. experts hoped it might be possible to preserve the whole store, oldest of the links with Deptford's past naval glory, but this is impracticable, hence the decision to preserve one of the relics at Sayes Court.

In 1513 Henry VIII started to construct his great naval dockyard at Deptford, and a key part of that enterprise was the naval storehouse 140 ft. long, 25 ft. wide, and 35 ft. high. The store was built, according to tradition, on the site of a religious house. Henry VIII took a deep interest in his navy, and this building was one of the earliest constructed specially for the Navy. In 1722 other stores were erected in the area, and the building of 1513 was incorporated in these and thus preserved. It was this incorporation which led many authorities years later to believe that the store had been demolished to make way for new constructions. Only part of the original store still stands and it is roofless, but the mullioned windows and the double niche are in good condition, and the news that they are to be removed and preserved permanently is widely welcomed. The double niche goes to Sayes Court, Greenwich, where the L.C.C. has lately extended its park. Sayes Court, taken down in 1729, was the residence of the Duke of Sussex in the reign of Elizabeth I, and it was occupied in the following century by John Evelyn, and by Peter the Great during his residence in England in 1698.

History records the growing importance of the Deptford Dockyard after 1513, when the storehouse was built. As early as 1517 the *Great Nicholas* was docked there, and no doubt Henry VIII went over to Deptford to see the mighty vessel from his neighbouring palace of Placentia at Greenwich.

Four years after the *Great Nicholas* appeared at Deptford, the *Mary Rose* was there. In 1551 Mackyn records in his diary a visit by Edward VI when he witnessed the launching of the *Primrose* and the *Mary Willoughby*, and it was there that the famous *Revenge* was fitted out in 1578. On April 4, 1581, the first Queen Elizabeth saw the store during a visit to Deptford Dockyard. She went aboard the *Pelican*—later to be immortally named the *Golden Hind*—and, on the deck of his own ship, knighted Sir Francis Drake, who had circumnavigated the globe and brought commercial and colonial wealth to England.

The Queen ordained that the *Golden Hind* should never sail again; but must remain there as an example and inspiration to future generations of seamen.

A small dock was specially built for the retired ship at the mouth of Deptford Creek, and there rested the *Golden Hind* until her decaying timbers fell apart.

On the plan of Deptford drawn by John Evelyn in 1623—a copy of which is in the L.C.C.'s possession—the dockyard is shown including the Tudor Store. Many other vessels, among them one of Nelson's flagships as well as Royal yachts and eventually steamships, were built in the yard, the last steamship being the *Druid*, launched in 1869. It was in that year that the dockyard ceased to be used and was filled up and converted into a foreign-cattle market by the City Corporation.

THE MOTOR-CYCLE OF THE SKIES—AND THE AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT: Two American Innovations

THE UNITED STATES FORCES TRY OUT THE HOPPI-COPTER: A U.S. serviceman demonstrating the new machine, a one-man helicopter, which is strapped to the shoulders like a knapsack and capable of flying a fully-armed man. It was first demonstrated in Seattle in 1946, and has since been modified with a view to employment in infantry warfare.

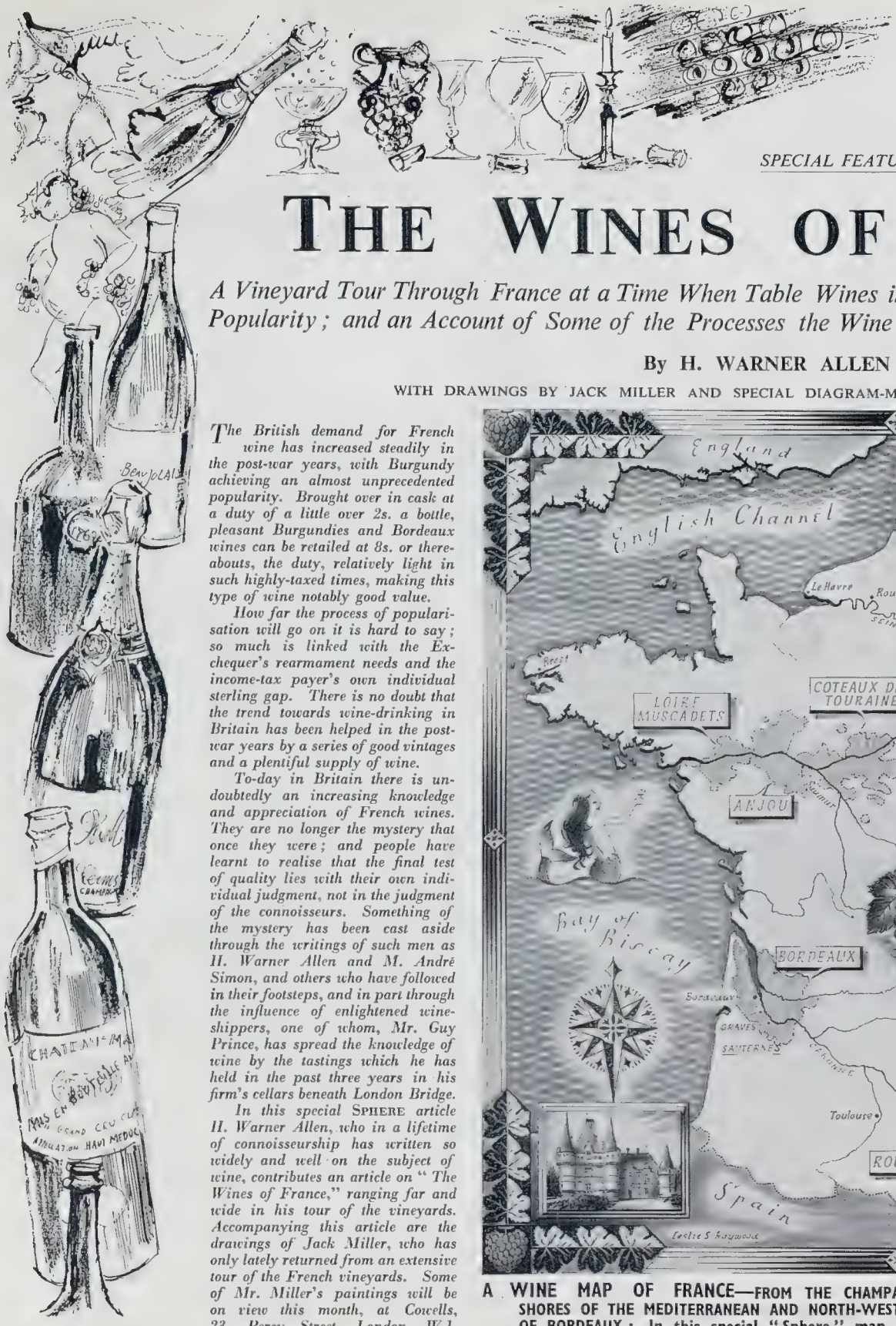
Hoppi-copters Inc., with its head offices in Fourth Avenue Building, Seattle, Washington State, was formed in December 1945 to develop and test a novel form of light helicopter, the first model being strapped to the wearer's back. It was instantly dubbed the motor-cycle of the skies. The second hoppi-copter model was equipped with a seat and landing gear, and tests with this model suggested many modifications, which were incorporated in models 102, 103 and 104. These models were equipped with engines of slightly greater horse-power and slightly greater diameter than had been tried out previously. The engine has indeed been the main problem with the hoppi-copter, but apparently that problem has been tackled successfully. How far the hoppi-copter will serve as a method of infantry assault remains to be seen. Already the helicopter is fully integrated in the fighting services as a weapon of offence and a means of rescue. The hoppi-copter may well win a similar acceptance, adding to the fluidity of modern infantry tactics and no doubt influencing strategy in a vast degree.

Two of the hoppi-copter models were loaned to the British Ministry of Supply in 1948 for experimental purposes. It is understood that the company has established a branch in England for the manufacture and sale of the hoppi-copter in the sterling areas when the final production model has been delivered.

ONE OF THE NEW RADIO-CONTROLLED LIFEBOATS, WITH ITS ZIPPER CANOPY FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE SUN: This lifeboat, known as the A 3, is dropped by parachute in air-sea rescue operations. It has radio control, which will bring it across the water to survivors so that they can board, and the radio control, still operated by the parent plane, sets the A 3 on course for the nearest land. By simply manœuvring a stick on a small control box the pilot can keep control from the moment of take-over when the A 3 hits the water. The A 3, which has recently passed its tests before delivery to the United States Air Force, measures 30 ft. long and is designed to carry fifteen men. It is powered by a 4-cylinder water-cooled engine, housed in a watertight compartment. Carried "bombed-up" under the S.B. 29, the A 3 is dropped to survivors by a massive 100-ft. parachute. When the boat hits the water the chute is jettisoned by an explosive charge.

THE A 3 BEING CONTROLLED BY A FIVE-FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER: The transmitter, here seen on land but normally accommodated in the parent aircraft, is matched up with a five-frequency receiver in the boat. The first signal from the control box releases the stabilising fins which hold the boat steady in descent, and subsequent signals free the rudder board, open the engine air vents, and crank the motor intermittently. When the motor "catches" and is running at a fast idling speed, the sea anchor is released. At the operator's next signals the engine speeds up, the reduction gear goes into forward, and the boat moves ahead.

CLIMBING INTO THE AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT: A "survivor" using the folding steps which gives easy access to the A 3.



SPECIAL FEATURE SECTION—

THE WINES OF FRANCE

A Vineyard Tour Through France at a Time When Table Wines in England Are Enjoying Unprecedented Popularity; and an Account of Some of the Processes the Wine Undergoes in the Hands of the Shipper

By H. WARNER ALLEN

WITH DRAWINGS BY JACK MILLER AND SPECIAL DIAGRAM-MAPS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

The British demand for French wine has increased steadily in the post-war years, with Burgundy achieving an almost unprecedented popularity. Brought over in cask at a duty of a little over 2s. a bottle, pleasant Burgundies and Bordeaux wines can be retailed at 8s. or thereabouts, the duty, relatively light in such highly-taxed times, making this type of wine notably good value.

How far the process of popularisation will go on it is hard to say; so much is linked with the Exchequer's rearmament needs and the income-tax payer's own individual sterling gap. There is no doubt that the trend towards wine-drinking in Britain has been helped in the post-war years by a series of good vintages and a plentiful supply of wine.

To-day in Britain there is undoubtedly an increasing knowledge and appreciation of French wines. They are no longer the mystery that once they were; and people have learnt to realise that the final test of quality lies with their own individual judgment, not in the judgment of the connoisseurs. Something of the mystery has been cast aside through the writings of such men as H. Warner Allen and M. André Simon, and others who have followed in their footsteps, and in part through the influence of enlightened wine-shippers, one of whom, Mr. Guy Prince, has spread the knowledge of wine by the tastings which he has held in the past three years in his firm's cellars beneath London Bridge.

In this special SPHERE *article H. Warner Allen, who in a lifetime of connoisseurship has written so widely and well on the subject of wine, contributes an article on "The Wines of France," ranging far and wide in his tour of the vineyards. Accompanying this article are the drawings of Jack Miller, who has only lately returned from an extensive tour of the French vineyards. Some of Mr. Miller's paintings will be on view this month, at Cowells, 23, Percy Street, London, W.1.*

A WINE MAP OF FRANCE—FROM THE CHAMPAGNE-PRODUCING AREAS OF THE NORTH-EAST TO THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN AND NORTH-WEST TO THE LOIRE VIA THE RICH WINE-PRODUCING AREA OF BORDEAUX: In this special "Sphere" map by Leslie S. Haywood are shown the chief centres of production, those in particular which are known to British buyers of wine. The most remarkable area is the Bordeaux, with its wines ranging from the light and elegant to the full-bodied reds, from flint-dry to lush sweet whites, from simple Bordeaux to the noblest Châteaux vintages. No other area has a range so wide. To the average Frenchman of modest means the most popular wine is probably Beaujolais, produced in the region between Mâcon and Lyons. Here the wine matures speedily, for it is the usage not to leave wine so long to ferment in the vat along with the skins, pips and stalks, which give tannin and astringency and also the power to last. The latest newcomer to the British market is Languedoc, a wine long used for blending in France, but not previously sold, as such, on the London market. Its modest price is the special attraction of Languedoc. At the other end of the price scale is Champagne, now rising steadily in price, having lagged behind in that respect since the war.

TWO COMMUNES THAT LIE IN THE HEART OF BURGUNDY: Pommard and Volnay, whose vineyards are shown in detail on this map, including the famed Cailleret of Volnay and the no less famed Rugiens of Pommard, resemble each other in the character of their wines, being perceptibly lighter than those of the Côtes de Nuits. Of the two Pommard probably finds the more popularity in this country. Historically, Volnay probably claims the greater distinction, and it is recorded that Duke Eude IV of Burgundy, hearing that Philipe de Valois, King of France, had found the wines of Volnay to his taste, sent six-dozen casks of the noble drink to quench the Royal thirst. Louis XI, when he became master of the Duchy, signalised his triumph by ordering Volnay's entire vintage of 1477. Cardinal de Bonsi sent for a consignment of Volnay to Warsaw to regale the Court on the day when Sobieski was crowned King of Poland

A GRAND tour of the French vineyards, moving clockwise, begins naturally on the east with the region of Champagne, where the vine finds itself growing on almost the extreme northern border of its climate. Only the German vineyards, profiting by a meteorological freak, lie farther north, and so far as France is concerned, Champagne marks the northernmost boundary of wine-growing, and that by a special dispensation. Paris lies south of Rheims, and the wine they used to make in its suburbs was a byword. The famous gourmet Brillat-Savarin said that it took three men to drink a glass of Suresnes wine: one to swallow it, another to pour it down his throat, and a third to hold the wretched fellow up. Nowhere is warm, sunny weather more essential to the visitor than in Champagne. Golden, sparkling Champagne is as gay as the country surrounding the wine region is dismal. The vineyards, with the Montagne de Rheims and its forest, break like an oasis the cold, chalky desert of Champagne Pouilleuse, "barren Champagne," designed by nature and history as a battlefield.

Chalk is to wine what blue blood is to aristocracy. It gives a fastidious delicacy and rather austere distinction both to bouquet and taste, and Champagne owes its unique qualities to the calcareous soil of its vineyards as well as to its noble vine and the special method applied to its production. There is a kinship between the wine and the Cognac brandy of the Champagne district, where similar chalky soil prevails. For this reason the Cognac brandy with which sparkling Champagne is *liqueured* to make it a most robust wine amalgamates perfectly with it.

(Continued on following page)

THE VINEYARDS OF CHÂTEAU AUSONE, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. EMILION: From the road with its tall poplars the vines sweep up to the high terraced vineyards near the tree-surrounded château named after Ausonius, the Roman poet. In the distance, bathed in a pink-violet heat mist, lies the historic town of St. Emilion. The vineyards of St. Emilion have not been officially "classified," but over 100 of them are recognised as *Premiers Crus*. They produce on an average 300,000 gallons.

The Wines of France

(*Continued from previous page*)

In Champagne, the *Pinot*, one of the most famous vines in the world, reigns supreme. The wine owes its full body and vinosity to the black *Pinot*, which provides its traditional foundation. White wine can be made from nearly all black grapes if the juice is separated from the skins before fermentation, as the colouring matter is contained in the skins and is only soluble when sufficient alcohol has been formed. The white *Pinot* or *Chardonnay* is grown to add delicacy and an exquisite refinement. Of recent years a certain amount of Champagne has been made exclusively from white grapes, Blanc de Blanc, and if it is rather lacking in body and authority, it is exceedingly delicate and light. The complicated handling of the wine, which requires six or seven years before completion, is made possible by the vast cellars in the Champagne chalk, containing millions of bottles in various stages. A blend of the wine of many vineyards, its sparkle depends on a second fermentation in bottle which of necessity produces a deposit, and extreme ingenuity has had to be exercised to produce a wine of perfect brightness and transparency.

The *Chardonnay*, now called the *Beaunois*, reigns in the little wine district of Chablis, which is something of a backwater between Champagne and the Côte d'Or, its wine ranking as Burgundy, though Chablis is sixty miles from Beaune. The driest and palest of white wines, Chablis is the perfect introduction to a fine Claret or Burgundy. It is deliciously fresh and light and, despite its charm, quite lacking in the self-assertion which might interfere with the appreciation of the niceties of a following wine.

South and east from Chablis, the white *Pinot*, once again the *Chardonnay*, gives very different white wines in the Côte de Beaune of Burgundy. It would be hard to imagine anything more unlike the delightful modesty of Chablis than the gorgeous magnificence of Montrachet and Meursault. Montrachet, the only rival in France to Château Yquem in pure quality, though utterly dissimilar in character, is as splendidly self-assertive as one of the Three Musketeers. Compared to Chablis, it is the cathedral organ beside the piccolo. The strongest of all natural wines, its alcoholic degree is sometimes so high that it has become liable to the heavier duty imposed upon the import of fortified wines. Professor Saintsbury calls it "magnificent and formidable" and adds that it "makes one's veins swell like whipcord."

STATUARY OF A YOUNG BACCHUS AND SATYR IN THE GARDENS OF CHÂTEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD: The château is one of the show-places of the Médoc, being situated in the famous commune of Pauillac. Château Mouton-Rothschild is regarded as a Second Growth under the classification of 1855.

THE HARVEST OF THE VINEYARDS: Methods of harvesting the grapes vary. In this drawing Jack Miller shows tubs, or douils, being filled with grapes brought by the bearers, who climb small ladders on to the horse-drawn charrette and pour out the grapes.

The whole of the Côte d'Or is *Pinot* country. All the fine wines are made from this vine, which is known as the *plant noble*, and the black *Pinot*, which plays such an important part in making golden Champagne, is entirely responsible for the rich purples of the best red Burgundy. The "Slopes of Gold" where, of course, far more red wine than white is made, are well named. After the vintage they are ablaze with the colour of the turning vine-leaves, and their summits are crowned with the autumn tints of the oak forests which provide the timber for the wine casks. The line of hills falls into two sections: on the north, the Côte de Nuits, and on the south, the Côte de Beaune. The very cream of the cream of red Burgundy comes from the Côte de Nuits, wines which at their best are incomparable for richness of flavour, complexity of bouquet and aroma, and velvety texture, Romanée, Richebourg, Chambertin, Clos de Vougeot. They must always be rare wines; for the total acreage of the best vineyards does not exceed 321 acres, and they produce on an average each year about 16,000 dozen of wine for the whole world.

None of the red wines of the Côte de Beaune can claim equality with Montrachet, but many very pleasant wines are grown on its slopes, chief among them the Corton of Aloxe, definitely one of the great Burgundies, and the agreeable wines of Pommard and Volnay. Burgundy is a land of small vineyards and, in consequence, the names on its labels do not give the same guarantee as the name of a Château to a bottle of Bordeaux. The Clos de la Commaraine at Pommard, which has been under vines for over a thousand years, counts with 7½ acres as of more than average size, and the famous Clos de Vougeot, with

THE VENDANGE AT HAUT BRION—THE CELEBRATED CHÂTEAU OF THE GRAVES WHICH LIES IN THE SUBURBS OF BORDEAUX, WITHIN A TRAM-RIDE OF THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, YET AMID PLEASANT RURAL SURROUNDINGS ON THE ROAD TO THE PINE WOODS OF ARCACHON: At the time of the grape harvest the vine leaves, previously blue-green as a result of their spraying with copper sulphate, turn to early autumn reds and yellows, but are still shot with the bluish tints of the spraying, creating a most remarkable effect. The vineyards of the Graves, a buffer state between the Médoc and Sauternes, are the oldest of the Gironde Department, and their red wines were popular in England long before those of the Médoc. Haut Brion, which was labelled as a first growth of the Médoc in the classification of 1855, is one of the greatest of the Clarets. In his book *Vineyards of France* J. M. Scott says of Haut Brion: "You see vineyards as soon as the houses leave space for them. A lesser growth would have been bought up for building land, but Haut Brion is worth much more than a mere roof over one's head. It is something of a shock to find a really great wine growing there—as if Izaak Walton had fished in the Serpentine." Haut Brion has been mentioned in history since the Middle Ages. Pepys refers to it as "Ho Bryen," and there is a strong Irish implication in the name which may not, in point of fact, have any real foundation.

125 acres, once cultivated by the monks, is now divided among nearly forty smallholders, each of whom has his own ideas about the making of wine. At Château Lafite, in the Médoc, 185 acres of vineyard are under a single control.

The famous Hospices de Beaune, a charitable foundation of the fifteenth century which time has robbed of none of its architectural beauty, ranks as the chief glory of the Côte. It has been enriched through the centuries by pious benefactors with many fine vineyards, and the auction of its wines serves as a kind of price barometer for the whole of Burgundy. In this old-world setting, lighted bits of candle with flames which flicker and go out, when they have been consumed, to close the bidding, take the place of the auctioneer's hammer and his "Going, going, gone!"

If time is available, the Grand Tour of the Vineyards should include a brief interlude off the main track in the Jura, where, in the neighbourhood of Arbois, the *vin jaune* called Château Châlon matures for years and years in the wood on ullage, and "flowers" with a secondary fermentation just like Sherry. Like the Spanish wine, it possesses a nut-like flavour and extraordinary longevity.

Following the line of the Côte d'Or to the south, the Mâconnais offers a good white wine made from the *Chardonnay*, which has more body than Chablis and is less refined in bouquet and taste. Pouilly, with which Fuissé is often coupled in the Mâconnais, must not be confused with Pouilly-sur-Loire, in the Nièvre Department, the home of the Blanc Fumé, a dry wine with a pleasant country bonfire tang. Red wines grown where Mâconnais and Beaujolais meet in the Moulin-à-Vent area should be drunk young and cold. Fleurie, Juliénas, Morgon, to take the Beaujolais wines by communes, even in a year when their alcoholic degree is high, are at their best at the end of three years. Their quality is surprising, since they are pressed from the *Gamay* vine, which in Burgundy yields large quantities of very inferior wine.

Pushing on from the Saône to the Rhône Valley, we pass to the country of the *Syrah* vine, which is believed by some to have been brought from Shiraz, in Persia, by the Crusaders. Chalk in the subsoil plays a part in the excellence of the greatest Burgundy vineyards; in the Rhône granite predominates, and I seem to trace the reflection of its unyielding rigidity in the ferocity of a young Hermitage and its refusal to grow into maturity for many years. At Ampuis, Côte Rôtie, to my mind the most attractive of the red Rhône wines, demands less time before it comes to the age of discretion, and to-day Côte Rôtie 1929 is a very pleasing wine, remarkably fine in the nose and on the palate in spite of its grandeur. Farther south, Tain offers the renowned growth of Hermitage, which can be wonderful when it is old. "An ancient Hermitage," said Meredith's Dr. Middleton, in *The Egoist*, "has the light of the antique; the merit that it can grow to an extreme old age." The white Hermitage, which will live even longer, also counts among the world's great wines.

Just before the Rhône reaches Avignon, Tavel gives its name to the perfection of *vins rosés*. Its colour is that of the amethyst, its taste a delightful combination of sweetness and acidity, and it is altogether heartening, with a lightness which conceals a good allowance of alcohol. More famous, but to my mind less seductive, though very good after its own fashion, Châteauneuf de Pape recalls the time when the Popes and Cardinals in exile at Avignon were reluctant to return to the Eternal City, so malicious tongues said, because they found French wines so good. It is a wine made of a number of varieties of grapes. These varieties, when age has tempered their fire and harshness, can be excellent.

Westwards from the Rhône lies the country of mass production, wines mainly useful for blending, and largely drunk by the French in such blends as beverage wine. During the First War, I grew accustomed to *pinard*, the Army wine, and was very glad to have it, when I could get nothing better, and I feel very much the same about the table wines of Languedoc. The wise traveller will look for the modest wines made by some individual growers for their own consumption. In this extreme south of France, sweet dessert wines show the vineyards at their best, though they have never recovered from the competition of the artificial wines produced in the wine factories of Sète (Cette), which in Roman times was notorious for a similar trade.

The Pyrenees and Pau offer Jurançon, the wine with which the lips of Henri Quatre were baptised when he was born, to make him a true son of Béarn. The vineyards have suffered from the encroachment of the suburbs of Pau, but

(Concluded on following pages)

THE SPIRIT OF THE VENDANGE IS THAT OF THE FAMILY: The children help to pick the grapes and are seen munching them almost endlessly. Everyone helps with the picking, the grandmothers, mothers and daughters doing a great deal of gossiping but picking efficiently and quickly. There is singing and laughter in the vineyards, and usually wine is freely available for those who bear the burden of the day.

THE WINES OF FRANCE: From French Vineyard to English Cellar

(*Concluded from previous page*)

a wine, rather too sweet, though attractive for a special flavour of its own, can still be found. The ghost of Henri Quatre accompanies the visitor to that gourmet's paradise, Armagnac, where a Brandy second only to the very finest Cognac is worthy of long and loving study.

We then enter the greatest wine-growing district in the world, which succeeds as no other in combining the highest quality with a relatively abundant quantity, the region of Bordeaux. Here for the red wines the *Cabernet-Sauvignon*; for the white wines the *Semillon*, the *Sauvignon* and the *Muscadelle*, have no rivals. On the south, on the banks of the Garonne, Sauternes and Barsac grow rich, sweet wines of liqueur-like intensity which find their highest expression in Château Yquem. These wines are made from grapes which have been reduced by a microscopic fungus known as the *noble mould* to concentrated drops of sweetness, and the best criticism of the greatest of them is given by the phrase, "the extravagance of perfection." A single glass is marvellous, with its "linked sweetness long drawn out"; but later glasses are "just too, too lovely," as the ladies of my youth used to say.

After Sauternes, Graves—for some curious reason this district has for many years been associated with white rather than red wines, though not one of its white growths can hold a candle to Haut Brion, one of the Great Claret Four. After Graves, Médoc, with a galaxy of world-famous châteaux, Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Mouton-Rothschild and the rest. The wines of no other district can compare with the subtle niceties of taste and smell presented to the wine-lover by those of this narrow strip of land on the left bank of the Gironde estuary. On the east above the Dordogne, the ancient town of St. Emilion is surrounded by vineyards which give fine wines of rather fuller body and deeper colour, less subtle, perhaps, but excellent with their touch of tonic bitterness. Pomerol, near by, has a fascination of its own, with wines that hint at the truffle flavour.

DEGUSTATION AT THE CHÂTEAU: The proprietor is showing his guests round the cellars, and under the supervision of the Maître de Chai one of the choice vintages is drawn off from the barrel. A tasting tube, usually of silver, is used for drawing through the spile-hole in the head of the cask a small quantity of wine for tasting purposes. When tasting wines of different vintages, unless the differences are very wide, it is customary to begin with the youngest. When sampling dry and sweet wines the dry should be taken first in order to avoid cloying the palate, and when tasting red and white together the red should be taken first.

Next, the Cognac district might detain the tourist connoisseur for months, with its incomparable Brandies distilled from the sourest of wine. Before the name of Cognac became world-famous—in Rome, the Bishop of Angoulême had to call himself the Bishop of Cognac before the Italian ecclesiastics could recognise his see—the first spirits distilled in France were exported from Nantes, on the Loire. The Loire, with its vast semi-circle, is the longest river in France, and almost its entire length is bordered with vineyards. Its lower reaches form the *Muscadet* country, where the *Muscadet* vine gives an agreeable white wine of no particular distinction, which used too often to masquerade as Chablis. Of greater interest are the white wines of Anjou and Touraine, where the *Chardonnay* has become the *Chenin Blanc* or *Pinot de la Loire*. There is a tendency in all these wines to sparkle a little with a second fermentation in the bottle, but though a wine which has a slight *prickle* in it, like a young Moselle, can be most refreshing, these wines lack the body and breed which enable those of Champagne to stand up against the arduous treatment meted out to them. In Anjou, the Coteaux du Layon produce a rather sweet wine well worth trying for its special flavour, a flavour compared to that of the quince, which is in its way, as unique as the unusual grape taste of Jurançon. The wines of Vouvray are well known to every wine-drinker, and they are an admirable drink for a hot day, provided that there has been no sophistication of added sugar, and that any touch of effervescence which may disturb their stillness is natural. Opposite Vouvray, on the other side of the river, Montlouis produces a wine only distinguishable from Vouvray by the local expert, and since the locality is less famous, its wines are generally safer from the dulling process of artificial expedients.

The red wines of the Loire are generally regarded as playing second fiddle to its white wines, but it is worth remembering that the wines of the Clos de la Devinière which excited Rabelais's rapture were red. Here the Burgundy *Pinot* is called the *Breton*, and it is exceedingly interesting to trace the development of the red Loire wines from the influence of Bordeaux to that of Burgundy. The red wines of Chinon, Rabelais's birthplace, and Bourgeuil, those at least made from the Loire *Pinot*, appeal to me more than the white wines of Touraine, and I think one can detect in them a charming flower-like scent which belongs rather to the Cabernet of Bordeaux, more particularly as it expresses itself at Château Margaux, than to the Burgundy vine. These wines should be drunk fairly young and are best at a lower temperature than Claret. Wine made in two communes on the outskirts of Tours, unfortunately in very small quantities, presents what I believe to be the unique characteristic of occupying a half-way house between Burgundy and Bordeaux. The *vin noble* of St. Avertin and Jouy is said to be pressed from a mixture of Bordeaux and Burgundy grapes, and it certainly partakes of the qualities of both of these great wines.

ONE OF THE GREAT ESTATES OF THE MÉDOC—CHÂTEAU MARGAUX VIEWED FROM THE AIR: Margaux stands on the left bank of the Gironde Estuary, in that area which was once swamp and marshland, where Louis XIV shot duck and snipe, and Colbert, his great minister, brought his Dutch engineers to carry out their draining. As a result of Colbert's work it became the most famous vineyard area in the world. Châteaux Lafite, Margaux and Latour are the great triumvirate of the Médoc, having been adjudged in 1855, when the classification was made, as the wines capable of attaining the highest degree of excellence. Château Haut Brion, in the Graves country, ranks, in general estimation, with the first growths of the Médoc.

IN THE CELLAR OF A BORDEAUX CHÂTEAU: In this drawing it might seem that Jack Miller is portraying a scientific aspect of wine-making that should surely have no part in a process so essentially natural; but perhaps the table laden with instruments and receptacles is really meant to typify the scientific care with which the Maître de Chai approaches his task. Racking, fining, blending are all scientific processes, and years of experience are needed in getting the best qualities out of fine and ordinary wines.

This *vin noble* is not such a great wine as its name might suggest, but it is exceedingly nice when it is good and seven or eight years old, though perhaps the student of wine is prejudiced in its favour by the fun of finding a wine which brings into harmony the virtues of Burgundy and Claret, which invariably form a discord if the two wines are served at the same meal.

All true wines drunk in this island home of ours have had to undergo the ordeal of a sea voyage, and this condition largely dictates their character. It cuts us off from the enjoyment of those cheap, light little wines which delight the visitor to some French wine districts and sometimes set him at variance with his

THE CONNOISSEURS FORGATHER AT A LONDON WINE-TASTING: Sampling fine Burgundies at the third annual wine-tasting of J. L. P. Lebègue, shippers of French wines, in their cellars beneath London Bridge. This annual tasting instituted by Mr. Guy Prince provides experts with an opportunity which even in France would be unique, and the 1951 tasting, at which this picture was taken, introduced three noble Burgundies which had not been imported in any quantity since the war—Romanée-Conti, Musigny and La Tâche. The 1,300 guests who attended the tasting were able to sample 150 wines. Each wine was labelled and numbered, and clearly indicated in catalogues providing space for tasting notes. Mr. Prince has found that the British demand for French wine increases annually, partly because of the large amount available and partly because post-war vintages have been so good. In England, it is said, three bottles of Burgundy are now being sold for every one of Claret.

wine merchant, because they are not to be had here. A wine with a low degree of alcohol and a deficiency of the qualities which would make it last may be very nice drunk young in its own home, but the trip across the Channel will be even more fatal to its charm than a bout of seasickness to the looks of a pretty lady.

Natural wines, such as we mainly import from France, make fussy, delicate travellers, and for their journeying extremes of heat and cold must be avoided. Generally speaking, they are young wines in the wood expecting to take up their permanent residence in the bottle as soon as they have recovered from their fatigue. Their health is delicate, as they have only just got over the fever of fermentation, and what they need is peace, to form with the assistance of oxygen the volatile elements of their bouquet and aroma and rid themselves of the unpalatable by-products which fermentation causes.

There is little to be said about the handling of the small proportion of fine wines imported in bottle to this country. They find their way to the ideal surroundings of the wine-merchant's cellar, and there they attain maturity, if only public demand will give them time. Since the war the shortage of fine matured wines has led to the premature consumption of many wines which might have lived and improved for years to come.

Wines imported in the wood will have been *racked*, drawn off the lees, before shipment, and may also have been *fined*. It is desirable to bottle them as soon as possible, since the growers will have kept them in the cask as long as is advisable, and all that is needed for them to be ready for the bottle is that they should fall perfectly bright. Usually, if they have been *fined* before shipment, no more than a rest in a good cellar will be needed. *Fining*, however, may be necessary on this side of the Channel. Isinglass, white of egg, gelatine and certain other substances, after being well stirred up with the wine, are left to rest and form a filamentous network, which catches the particles of extraneous matter floating in the liquid and carries them down to the bottom of the cask, so that the bulk of the wine is left star-bright.

A MIGHTY SIGNPOST ON THE ROAD TO THE SOUTH THROUGH THE BURGUNDY COUNTRY: A few miles west of Beaune, where the Paris road comes in from Saulieu, on the main route which so many motorists take on the way to the Riviera, is the picturesquely situated Château of La Rochepot, in the Arrière Côte de Beaune. It is a Wagnerian sort of castle built upon a limestone crag above a sleepy village. The Château was originally built about the year 1400 and has been completely restored in exact reproduction with both knowledge and taste. A few kilometres to the east of La Rochepot are the vineyards of Montrachet, that wine which is so illustrious that two communes assert their claim to it—Puligny-Montrachet to the north and Chassagne-Montrachet to the south. There are close on twenty acres which yield Montrachet, half being in Chassagne and half in Puligny. The vineyard of Batard-Montrachet is divided equally between the two communes.

CHÂTEAU LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD, IN PAUILLAC: Here is produced one of the world's most famous wines. The Château is severe but handsome, guarded by fine trees and with a terrace which looks over a walled kitchen-garden. J. M. Scott has written in his book *The Vineyards of France*, recently re-issued by Hodder and Stoughton: "The wine chateaux need good gardens, for the grape-pickers expect good soup. . . . Lafite is a simple aristocrat. Drinking its wine, you make a picture as satisfying a scene as any in Médoc—undulating fields and ox-carts and a brown river in the distance."

When the wine is ready to be bottled, if it is to have all the advantage of star-bright transparency, suitable weather must be chosen for the operation. "Stormy or muggy weather," writes M. André Simon, in *The Supply, the Care and the Sale of Wine*, "is not bottling weather. A cold, calm fine day, when the breeze is in the east, is most suitable." Much might be written about the cork crisis; for the quality of the cork is of prime importance, since whatever the potential age of the wine, the death of the cork signs its death warrant. For wines that are laid down to mature for several years a cork of Catalonian growth is used. The character of this corkwood is the slowest in growth and firmest in texture that is produced.

Once in bottle, only the greatest white wines have anything to gain, but for red wines the corked bottle stinting the supply of air is the principal agent for the expansion and subtilisation of their rarest and most valuable characteristics.

WHEN THE WINE HAS REACHED LONDON

Handling Hogsheads and Bottles in the Cellars of a Big French Wine Shipper

THE MAIN GOODS ENTRANCE IN THE LONDON CELLARS OF LARGE-SCALE IMPORTERS OF FRENCH WINES: The casks stowed on the scantling on the left are awaiting bottling, having been "put up" about two or three months previously. Those on the floor have only just arrived. They are Burgundy hogsheads. When casks arrive in a cellar they have to be left for twenty-four hours before being dealt with, so that the contents can acclimatise themselves to the cellar temperature. The shive—that is to say, the "plug" used to stop the bunghole—has to be loosened so that the wine can breathe. The hogsheads are filled with a similar wine and the wines are either fined at once or merely put up on the scantling to rest for a few weeks before being bottled or racked.

THE WINES MATURING IN BINS: In the background men are engaged in labelling, capsuling and wrapping.

WINE BEING DRESSED—LABELLED, CAPSULED AND WRAPPED—FOR DESPATCH: The man on the left is placing capsules on the bottles and is preparing to capsule them with the machine behind him (half-hidden from view). The woman on the right is labelling the wine, and the man on her left is wrapping it to protect the labels from dust. The hogsheads in the background are on a scantling and the wines are maturing pending the bottling.

When wines have been shipped to these shores from France a great responsibility rests upon the wholesaler and the retailer in presenting those wines to the public. In these pictures, taken in the London cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue, one of the leading French wine shippers, the wine is seen going through various processes before delivery to the customer. First the casks have to go on the scantling, "bung side" slightly tilted forward. These red wines will be left from four to six weeks, and white wines from three to four weeks. After this rest a spile-hole is made in the head of each cask, and if on examination the wine is found to be perfectly bright, then the bottling can be carried out at once. Should the wine not be in a brilliant condition it should then have a further rest. Often fining is necessary at this stage. This is clarification by means of adding to the wine a substance usually having albumen for a base. If the cask has been on the scantling for over a fortnight and has to be moved, it is preferable to rack the wine—passing it from one cask to another to separate it from the lees and to aerate it.

Generally speaking, wine does not improve to any appreciable degree in cask after shipment to this country, and that is why it should be bottled as soon as it has benefited from the rest it has been given on the scantling. Once bottled, the wine is safeguarded from outside risks (excess oxygen, germs, etc.) and it continues its normal development. The bottler will tap the neck on a piece of wood for signs of a "split neck." Corks should be regular in size. For wines for quick consumption corks of southern Portuguese or southern Spanish origin are the most suitable. For wines that are laid down to mature, a cask of Catalonian growth (hand-cut) is often used. After bottling, the capsuling and labelling take place.

A SAUTERNES IS BOTTLED THROUGH A FILTER: This filtering makes the wine perfectly brilliant. The machine in the foreground on the left is an electric pump which pumps the wine from the top hogshead through the filter which is opposite the man who is seen engaged in "drawing off" operations.

BOTTLING A RED BURGUNDY: The man on the right is drawing the wine off direct from the cask in the same manner as has been the practice for hundreds of years. The two candles placed on each side of the tap diagonally in front of the bottle enable the drawer-off to ensure that the wine is coming through perfectly bright. The other man is corking the wine as it is drawn off for placing on the bottling truck in the foreground. When the truck is filled it is taken away and the wine is binned.

WINE IN PROCESS OF BEING BINNED: The bottles are being placed in the bins from the truck in which they have been brought after the bottling process. The linen bag on the right is used for filtering off the "lees"—that is to say, the remaining wine and sediment in the cask when the bottling is finished. The lees are strained and the strained wine is used for "filling up" other wine in cask which is of a similar quality and price category.

THE HOME OF A FAMOUS LONDON WINE MERCHANTS: In this special SPHERE drawing Jack Miller shows the façade of Berry's shop in St. James's Street, and in the background are the familiar outlines of St. James's Palace. Berry's has been a family concern through the generations, and their remarkable record as wine merchants has been told by Mr. Warner Allen in his book *Number Three St. James's Street*, which was published in 1950 by Chatto and Windus. Many famous figures in English history have passed the portals of No. 3, among them Nelson's fellow-officers Captain Hardy, Admiral Sir Algernon Blackwood, Admiral Codrington and Captain Adair. Nelson had a house close by in Arlington Street and may well have been a customer of the firm. It was Berry Brothers who in 1901 were entrusted with the public auction of King Edward's sherry, 5,000 dozen of fine old bottled sherries accumulated in the Royal Cellars.

PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO KING TRIBHUVANA IN THE DURBAR HALL AT KATMANDU : Mr. Chester Bowles, the United States Ambassador, being received by the King on the steps of the throne. Mr. Bowles, who is the U.S. Envoy in India, had to travel twenty miles on horseback from Bhinpedi to Katmandu in order to complete his mission in Nepal, but on arrival in the capital he drove in state to the Durbar Hall. Momentous changes have taken place in Nepal in the past few months, most notably the ousting of the old regime of the Maharajas and the installation of a new Government under Mr. Koirala, leader of the largest political party in the kingdom.

MISSION TO THE COURT OF KATMANDU

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR RIDES TWENTY MILES ON HORSEBACK IN ORDER TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS

ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO KATMANDU ; AND AFTERWARDS A DRIVE IN STATE THROUGH THE CAPITAL : *Left*—Mr. Chester Bowles is seen riding to the capital to present his credentials to the King of Nepal. Beside him walks his daughter Sally. Also in the picture is Mr. Paul Rose, American Technical Co-operation Administration Adviser in Nepal. *Right*—Ambassador Bowles sitting next to the Nepalese Chief of Protocol in the State carriage in which he drove to the Durbar Hall.

WINTER OLYMPIAD

SOME OF THE BRIGHT STARS OF THE WINTER GAMES AT OSLO

The Winter Sports section of the Olympic Games at Oslo, a winter prelude to the field, track and other events which will take place later in the year at Helsinki, has just been brought to a successful conclusion. For Norway it was a triumph of magnificent organisation, coupled with Norway's well-known hospitality, and it was also a triumph for the Norwegian participants in the Games. First and foremost came the achievement of Hjalmar Andersen with his triple crown in the speed skating events, and second in general interest was beyond doubt the success of Jeannette Altwegg, who captured a gold medal for Britain in the contest for the women's figure-skating title. She won by two points from Tenley Albright, the sixteen-year-old American girl, with Jacqueline du Bief, of France, in third place. The last time Britain won this event was in 1908, when Mrs. E. Syers was successful. Britain's last victory in any branch of the Winter Olympiad was in 1936, in the ice hockey tournament.

At the opening of the Winter Olympiad no fewer than thirty nations took part in the colourful procession. During his speech the President of the Norwegian Olympic Committee expressed his sympathy to the British, Australian, Canadian and New Zealand representatives on the death of his Majesty King George VI, and then called for two minutes' silence.

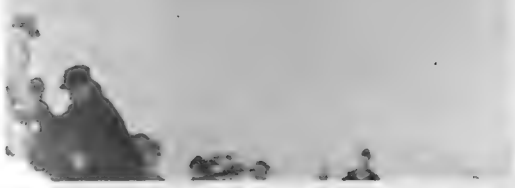
SWITZERLAND'S NO. 2 CREW SET OUT IN THE TWO-MEN BOBLET EVENT AT FROGNERSETEREN : Felix Endrick and Werner Spring watched as they began their run, which took them into fourth place just behind Switzerland's No. 1 crew. The winners were the Germans, A. Oestler and L. Nieberl, and the United States No. 1 crew were the runners-up in this event at the Winter Olympic Games. The Games were held in and around Oslo from February 14 to February 25.

THE AUSTRIAN BOBLET PAIR AT SPEED AFTER LEAVING FROGNERSETEREN : In five-and-a-half minutes of breathtaking descent success or failure is achieved. Only nine seconds divided the first six competitors at this Sixth Winter Olympiad, so the closeness of the competition can be well understood.

BANHAM AND MARTIN, THE AMERICAN PAIR, ON THE BOBLET RUN : They came in second, only two-and-a-half seconds behind the German No. 1 pair. When this picture was taken the two Americans were cornering at their top speed, putting up a most finished performance.

A GOLD MEDAL FOR MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG : The twenty-one-year-old world champion seen in action. At Oslo she crowned her great career by winning the Women's Figure Skating Championship from American and French rivals. She gave a majestic performance and was a worthy winner, despite the narrowness of her victory.

HJALMAR ANDERSEN, OF TRONDHEIM, WHO WON FOR NORWAY THE TRIPLE CROWN IN THE REALM OF SPEED SKATING : After winning gold medals for the 1,500 metres and the 5,000 metres, Andersen went on to win the 10,000 metres and to create an Olympic time record. Andersen equalled the magnificent feat of his compatriot, Balangrud, who in 1936 won the 500, the 5,000 and the 10,000 metres.



YET ANOTHER GOLD MEDAL GOES TO NORWAY: Simon Slaattvik, who won the combination event at the Winter Olympiad. He did the 18 kilometres cross-country in 1 hour 5 mins. 40 secs., and later he executed this fine jump. A certain distance is set as the target in the jumping section of this event, and competitors lose points for each metre they jump below this target. Marks are also given for style.

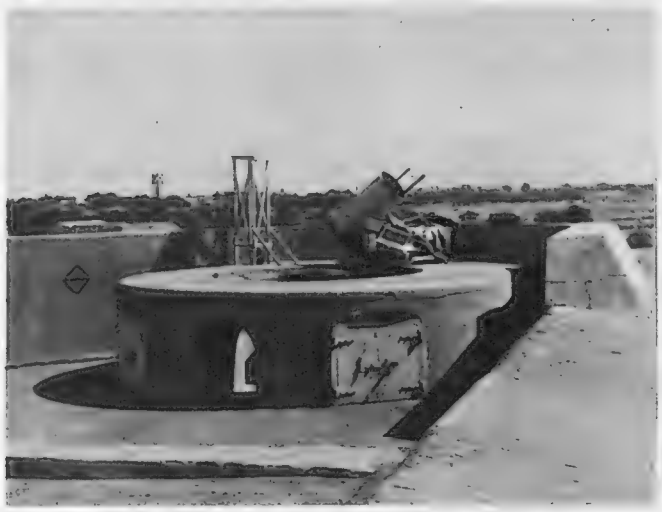
THE OLYMPIC SKI-JUMPING HILL AT HOLMENKOLLEN, WHICH WAS ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES OF 1952: The Holmenkollen Hill, which can accommodate crowds up to 100,000, was indeed a focal-point of the Winter Games, for it also provided the start and the finish of all the long-distance ski races. The crowds which gathered at Holmenkollen for the most part travelled out by electric train from Oslo.

MELIK, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, MAKES A FINE LEAP AT THE HOLMENKOLLEN STADIUM: This picture, taken from the summit of the great ski jump, shows the stands to the left and right of the track and the thronged slopes in the background.

A MOMENT OF DRAMA IN THE MEN'S OLYMPIC DOWNHILL RACE: His face tense, his arms struggling for control, both skis off the snow, Stig Sollander, of Sweden, crashes when travelling at speed. The ski-stick in his right hand has broken. The downhill Olympic course was in mountain terrain at Norefjell, about 75 miles from Oslo. Most of the spectators who went out to watch the downhill events travelled on skis to vantage points on the route.

NEWS FROM NORTH AND EAST AFRICA

STUDYING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE IN THE SUDAN—THE PRELUDE TO THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN LIBYA AND ERITREA



SCIENTISTS FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA VISIT THE SUDAN TO STUDY A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: *On left*—A 20-in. reflecting telescope set up by Cambridge University's expedition at Fort Stanley, near Khartoum, to study the eclipse on February 25. *On right*—Members of the American expedition relax outside their tent at their headquarters a few miles south of Khartoum. They are (left to right) R. J. McEwan, J. E. Gibson and R. M. Sloanaker, all of the U.S.A. Naval Research Laboratory, and R. H. Lee, of the High Altitude Observatory, Boulder, Colorado. The Americans were mainly concerned with studies in radio astronomy, and were hoping to take accurate measurements of radio transmissions from the sun during the eclipse. Members of the expedition from the High Altitude Observatory were, in addition, to study the spectrum of the sun's chromosphere (that part of the corona nearest the sun's surface). An expedition from the National Geographic Society of America was also present, and the Cambridge Expedition, headed by Professor R. O. Redman, F.R.S., joined forces with scientists from the Astrophysical Institute of Paris.

A PRE-ELECTION TOUR BY THE PRIME MINISTER BEFORE LIBYA WENT TO THE POLLS: *Left*—Mahmud Bey Muntasser is seen addressing the tribesmen at Zavia and (*right*) receiving the salutations of supporters in the same town. Libya was going to the polls for the first time. Incidents were reported in a few places, but on the whole the situation did not get out of hand to the same degree as some people expected. The Government did well, but personalities rather than politics ruled the election, and wherever pro-Government candidates were elected it was largely because they were well known in their own particular districts. Illiterate Arabs were allowed to murmur the names of the candidate they favoured to the registering officer, who then wrote them down on the ballot papers.

ERITREANS PREPARE FOR THE FIRST ELECTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE FORMER ITALIAN COLONY: Scenes at the recording offices as Eritreans report to register their names on the voting lists for the forthcoming elections. *Left*—An elderly chief wearing the traditional cloak of Eritrean notables registers his name. *Right*—Officials are seen questioning an applicant wishing to enrol his name. The election is being held for the appointment of a provisional Assembly of sixty-eight members, which is to study and eventually approve a draft constitution under which Eritrea will join Ethiopia in a loose Federation. The proposed Federation, according to a United Nations decision, is to come into being by September 15. The territory is at present under a British Administration sponsored by U.N.

IN THE HIGH ANDES, NEAR CUZCO—THE KIND OF COUNTRY IN WHICH MANY OF THE LONG TRIBUTARIES OF THE AMAZON RISE: In this picture members of an expedition are looking down from the edge of a "puña"—one of the high plateaux that exist among the deeply-carved cordilleras—into a valley where a young river cuts its channel from the region of the perpetual snows.

AMAZONIAN ADVENTURE

AN ACCOUNT OF A THREE-THOUSAND-MILE JOURNEY ALONG THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER; A JOURNEY THAT IS "DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY"

Written and Illustrated
BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

The mysterious land of the Amazon is once again in the world news as a result of the latest expedition which is now being carried out by Brian Fawcett, the son of Colonel Percy Fawcett, who in 1925 was lost with a small party in the Xingu-Tapajos region. Three years later a relief expedition found evidence that Fawcett and his companions had met their deaths at the hands of natives, but there has never been any degree of certitude in the matter, and year after year new rumours that Colonel Fawcett was alive have come out of the jungle. Now, twenty-six years later, Brian Fawcett, the son, is attempting to clear up the mystery for good. The news of his expedition focusses attention on Amazonia once again, and in the following illustrated article Mr. Victor Coverley-Price reveals some remarkable facts about the great river which spans the almost impenetrable regions in the north central section of the South American continent.

ONLY on a river is it possible to travel downhill all the way. Even the smallest river, from its first trickle among the hills until it reaches the sea, descends continuously. But the river that I am going to describe is probably the longest in the world, and we call it the Amazon. Some people say that the Missouri-Mississippi is longer; others claim the distinction for the Nile. It is difficult to be quite sure, when the difference is relatively small; but, if you measure the Amazon from its remotest source at the head of the Ucayali-Apurimac arm, you will find that the length is about 4,000 miles, and it will be hard to prove that any other river is longer. Three of its tributaries are in the neighbourhood of 2,000 miles in length. Furthermore, the Amazon drains an area of 2,750,000 square miles—nearly twice the size of any other river basin—and its discharge, estimated to be about 527 cubic miles per annum, is far greater than that of any other river.

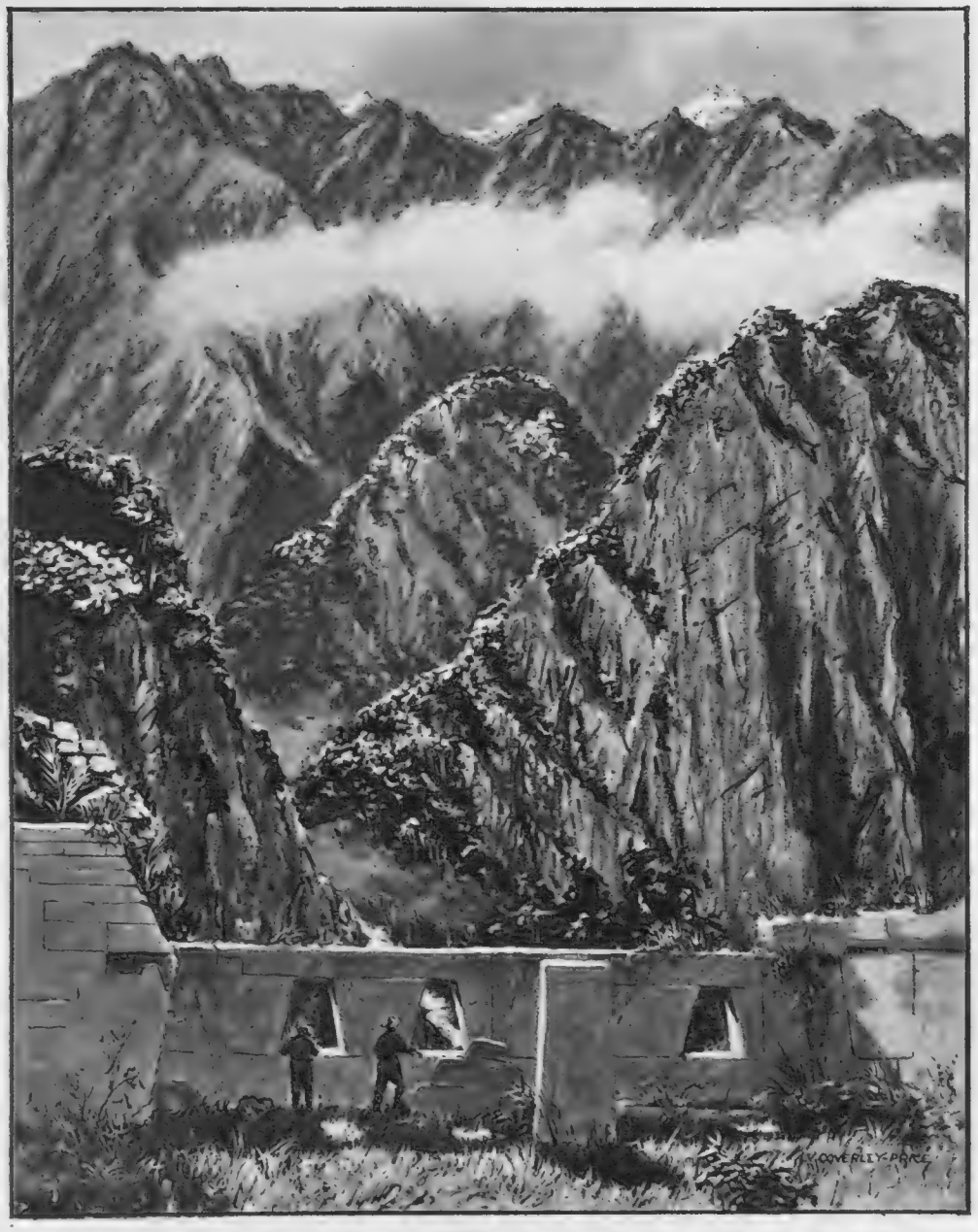
The Amazon, with its numerous long tributaries, is like a large family traced through several generations. The people through whose countries it flows have given it a different name every few hundred miles, and each section has a different character. The Marañon arm, widely accepted as the main stream since it was so designated by an explorer more than a century ago, is born in a lofty region of the Andes less than 100 miles from the Pacific coast of Peru. The Ucayali-Apurimac arm, since then found to be longer, rises not much farther away from the sea, in the Cuzco region. Had either of these begun its career only a few miles farther west, just on the western instead of on the eastern side of the continental divide, it would have been an insignificant torrent. During the melting of the snow it would have rushed down fifty miles to the Pacific Ocean. For the rest of the year it might have been only a dry watercourse, like many of those that scar the arid surface of the coastal desert.

It is not surprising that the young river, as the founder of a large family, had unusual vigour. In early youth the Marañon arm (which I am prepared to accept as the main stream, in order to avoid a departure from tradition) carved for itself a valley that in one section is about 10,000 ft. deep. Such a remarkable personality was bound to attract attention. Ambitious people often hasten to join their fortunes to those of a promising leader, and that is precisely what happened to the Marañon. Innumerable other rivers, some of them rising hundreds of miles from its birthplace, rushed to join it.

THE RIVER URUBAMBA FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE EASTERN FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES ON ITS WAY TO THE AMAZON BASIN: In the jungle near the river are the decaying remnants of a hut—all that is left of a little settlement established at the end of the trail from the mountains during the rubber boom, more than half a century ago. Here the expedition, of which Victor Coverley-Price was a member, was marooned for three weeks.

I made acquaintance with the great river through the tributary already mentioned, the Ucayali-Apurimac, which is perhaps the longest to join the upper third of the main stream and which has numerous tributaries of its own. After crossing the Apurimac I went on down towards the jungle beyond Cuzco, among the eastern spurs of the Andes, and then passed through the gorges of the Vilcanota.

(*Continued on following page*)



THE INCA RUINS OF MACHU PICCHU, DISCOVERED IN 1911 BY THE AMERICAN EXPLORER, HIRAM BINGHAM, ARE PERCHED ON A SADDLE BETWEEN TWO PEAKS, ABOUT 10,000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL AND 4,000 FT. ABOVE THE GORGE OF THE URUBAMBA RIVER: It is believed that this place was an Inca citadel, and it is still very difficult of access, being flanked by precipices on all sides, except for a narrow ridge less than 40 ft. across. The ruins contain every kind of stone wall known to the Incas, including finely-cut ashlars keyed together without cement and cyclopean blocks estimated to weigh 12 or 14 tons. Possibly the last occupants of the citadel perished before the Spanish conquest of Peru (1531-32), but probably in its last stage it was the refuge of the Virgins of the Sun, who fled from the sacred city of Cuzco at the time of Pizzarro's invasion. Historical records suggest that the temple with three windows, shown in this picture, was built by the first Cuzco Inca, Mance Czapac, as a memorial to his ancestors. The river, full of rapids, roars through the gorge round three sides of the ruins, from which there are fine views of the snow-capped peaks of Salcantay and Soray.

AMAZONIAN ADVENTURE

(*Continued from previous page*)

This turbulent river rises in the mountains near the old capital of the Empire of the Incas. The name Vilcanota suggests to me that it is a vile river for a canoe, as it certainly is, but I do not know the true origin of the name. After a hectic childhood in the highlands it plunges down into the warm region of forests, where it emulates the Marañon by carving its rocky bed thousands of feet below the surrounding summits. Somewhere in this region it has been rechristened Urubamba, which means "a flat place where are grubs or caterpillars." The place is anything but flat, but there are plenty of insects. It was here that, in 1911, the American explorer Hiram Bingham discovered the wonderful ruins of Machu Picchu, once a citadel of the Incas, 4,000 ft. above the river. Like the even more remarkable ruins of Angkor, in Indo-China, they were buried in dense jungle.

For hundreds of miles the tortuous channel of the Urubamba is encumbered by boulders, causing very dangerous and often impassable rapids, and everywhere the scars of landslides warn the traveller that an avalanche of rock may at any moment descend into the valley. One of these that I crossed was half a mile wide and my heart was in my mouth all the time while I towed my mule over the steep glacis of rock debris.

Below the last gorge, where the Urubamba is already as broad as the Thames at Richmond, my companions and I were marooned for three weeks in the jungle near the river, until we managed to obtain two 40-ft. dug-out canoes with their crews of six Machegenga Indians each. In these we intended to travel, with our baggage and boxes of geological specimens, through 250 miles of broken rapids, and then far on down the more placid stream until we reached the last village visited by the launch that came up the river once a month from Iquitos. Unhappily, when we were in the final canyon, where the Urubamba breaks through the last foothills of the Andes and begins to spread itself in the jungles of the Amazon basin, the canoe in which I was travelling with the leader of our expedition capsized amidst some of the worst rapids. The leader and one of the Indians were drowned, and I lost all my kit.

Hitherto our canoe journey had been a picnic spiced with excitement. The Indians, admirable in the rough water, cheerful and helpful during the many portages, were also skilful at making palm-frond shelters for the night, and we spent several pleasant evenings round the camp fire on a sand-bank, watching the tropical sunsets that faded so rapidly and listening to the parrots, toucans and other birds as they flew along the river to their roosting-places. But after the tragic accident I had to face the future with only native companions.

It was agreed that I should take one canoe and go on down the river to the nearest telegraph station, to telegraph the sad news to England and to report to the local Peruvian authorities. The rest of our party remained in the neighbourhood of the fatal gorge for three days, until they had found and buried the body of our leader. Then they continued downstream to the point where the postal aircraft landed periodically on its way from Lima to Iquitos, and in this they flew back to Lima. Meanwhile, from dawn until dusk under the tropical sun, with nothing but the old shirt and trousers that I was wearing and very little food, I pressed on, with five Indians and a Peruvian mahogany cutter, through more rapids, alternating with lake-like expanses where the river flooded into the surrounding jungle, intent upon fulfilling my mission.

During the day the green walls of the jungle varied little. The sun reflected from the water hurt my eyes, for I had lost my dark glasses. Sometimes we saw a tapir, some capivara, a river dolphin or some alligators; and one night, when we were bivouacked on a sandbank, a jaguar, stalking a capivara, walked stealthily past within a few feet of my head. The only meat I ate during that journey was a chunk of capivara, shot by one of the Indians with a bow and arrow and smoked over a camp fire. In spite of the heat of the sun, the scanty clothes that I had been wearing ever since I had had to swim for my life in the rapids were never properly dry. There was always some water in the bottom of the dug-out and, in rough passages, we were all soaked by waves or spray. On several occasions sudden rainstorms—the heaviest I have ever known—reduced visibility to a few yards, churned the surface of the river into foam and nearly swamped the canoe. Once we only saved ourselves from sinking in midstream, 200 yards from the nearest shore, by driving the canoe as fast as possible straight in among the tangled roots of the jungle, hoping that there was no anaconda lurking in the branches overhead. The dug-out was completely full of water.

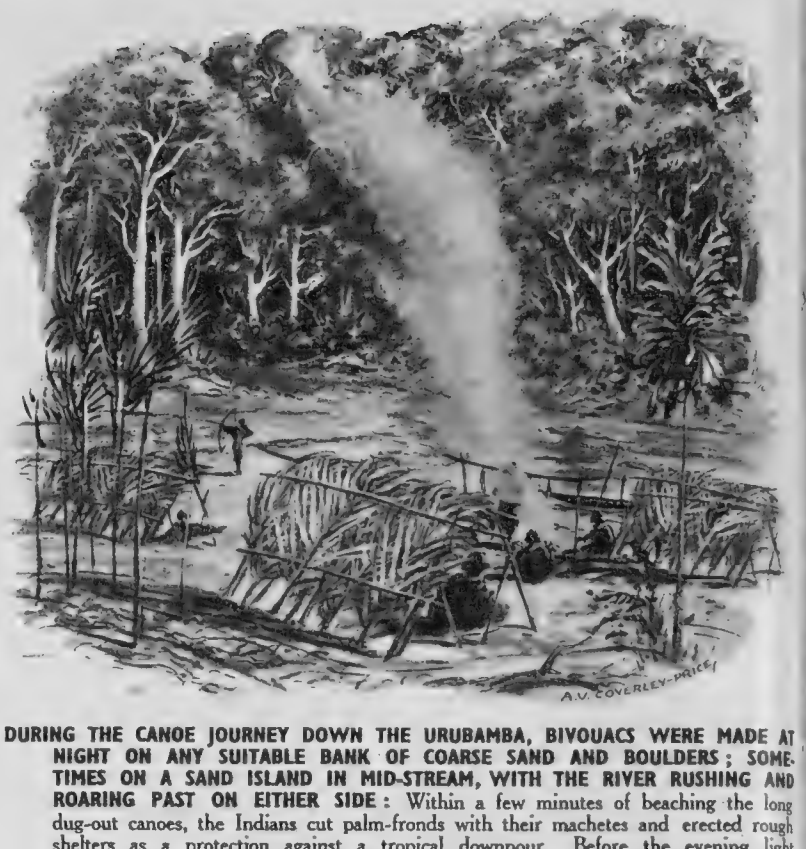
After a week we reached the mouth of the Tambo, the large river which, in its higher reaches, is called first the Apurimac and then the Ene. From its confluence with the Urubamba the river is known as the Ucayali, and this name continues for hundreds of miles, right down to its junction with the Marañon. There was a small settlement in a clearing in the jungle near the mouth of the Tambo and there I landed, in a violent deluge, to await the arrival of the launch that came once a month from Iquitos. Next day my cheerful Indian crew began their laborious homeward journey.

On the evening when the whistle of the launch was heard in the village there was terrific excitement. But the launch stuck on a shoal at the mouth of the Tambo and did not arrive until the following morning, when the excitement was at fever-heat. Even I was thrilled, for I had been in the wilderness of the Andes and the jungle for months and I had had no news from the civilised world since leaving the Pacific coast.

The launch was rather like a small steam tug, with a narrow upper deck. The voyage to Iquitos, about 1,000 miles, lasted just over ten days; but for two-fifths of that time the launch lay stopped. Altogether she stopped about seventy times, either to pick up fuel and cargo, or because the river was too dangerous to navigate in darkness, or because she fouled a sandbank, a rock or a waterlogged tree-trunk. Her fuel consisted of logs a yard long, which were burnt at the rate of about eighty an hour. These were cut by settlers at intervals along the bank and had to be carried on board, over a precarious plank, several times a day. The cargo, collected in driblets up to a total of 35 tons, consisted chiefly of coffee and some scraggy young bulls, several of which fell into the river in the process of being coaxed on board. According to the commander, the launch was nearly thirty years old and had once crossed the Atlantic under her own steam. During her service on the river the bottom plates, the screw and the rudder must have been damaged by tree-trunks hundreds of times.

As I possessed nothing, my existence was simple. I borrowed a hammock, in which I slept on the upper deck. During the day I watched the river, talked to my three or four fellow-passengers, and lent a hand with the unsticking operations when the launch got jammed on a shoal. This happened frequently during the first few days. When I reached the little river-port of Masisea, eleven days after the fatal accident in the rapids, I sent off my telegram to England, via Lima. The last distant foothills of the Andes disappeared from view, and from then onwards the ever-broadening river meandered through a vast region of jungle and swamp. Occasionally I saw a few primitive huts, perched on any hump that rose above flood-level, but the forest belonged essentially to the monkeys and the many strange birds.

One night I was woken up suddenly by what I took to be a revolver-shot close to my head. I heard groans and the sound of



DURING THE CANOE JOURNEY DOWN THE URUBAMBA, BIVOUACS WERE MADE AT NIGHT ON ANY SUITABLE BANK OF COARSE SAND AND BOULDERS; SOMETIMES ON A SAND ISLAND IN MID-STREAM, WITH THE RIVER RUSHING AND ROARING PAST ON EITHER SIDE: Within a few minutes of beaching the long dug-out canoes, the Indians cut palm-fronds with their machetes and erected rough shelters as a protection against a tropical downpour. Before the evening light failed—night falls rapidly in that latitude—some of the Indians would try to kill a bird with their bows and arrows, or to spear a fish, but they were seldom lucky.

AN IMPRESSION OF IQUITOS TOWARDS SUNSET: Here, 2,000 miles from its mouth, the Amazon is already two miles wide. Some of the sawmills are kept busy preparing mahogany and other valuable woods for export. The huge logs are tied together to form rafts that are steered down the river by men who live on them, sometimes for several weeks.

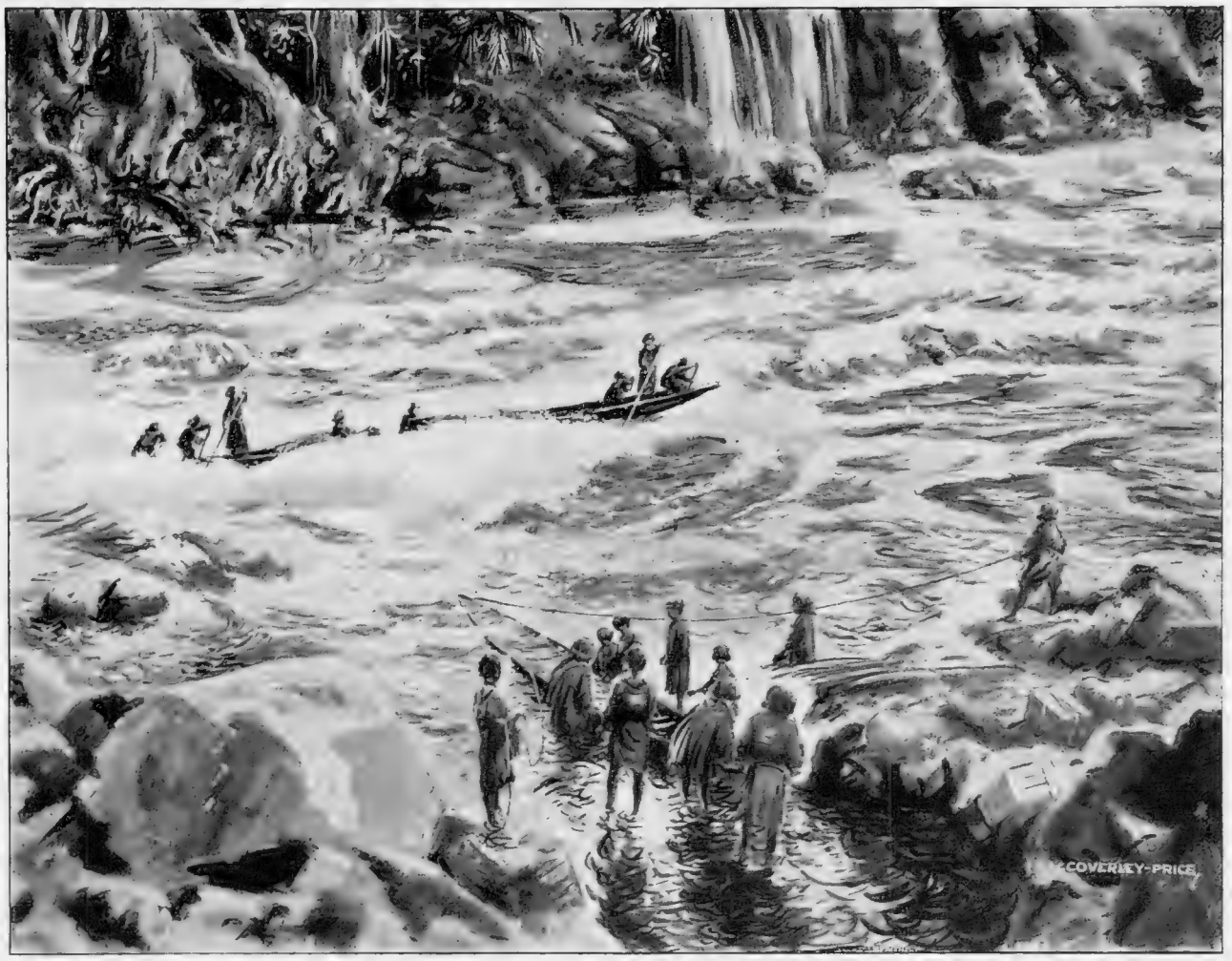
A BRAZILIAN VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON, WITH A MIXTURE OF BUILDINGS, SOME OF CANE AND THATCH, OTHERS OF STONE AND MUD: When a river steamer anchors off the bank to collect fuel, and perhaps a few sacks of coffee or some other local product, the villagers hurry down to the water-side and swarm round the steamer in their boats. On the bank there is a stack of logs, "capirona" wood, ready for sale to the steamer as fuel. A large river steamer may burn as many as 2,000 1-metre logs a day. As the trees around the settlement are felled, the cutters search farther into the jungle for wood.

footsteps on the deck. By the time that I had disentangled myself from the hammock two or three other men had appeared with a lantern, and I heard an agonised voice say that someone had been shot. By the light of the lantern we found blood on the deck. We followed the trail to the head of a young Peruvian, who had a long gash across his scalp. Further investigation revealed that the wound had been inflicted by his cousin, with whom he had quarrelled. The weapon used was an Indian club with a sharp edge, made from the hardened stem of a palm-frond. The assailant was immediately consigned to the hold, among the coffee-bags and cockroaches. The wound was patched up that night: the quarrel was patched up in the morning.

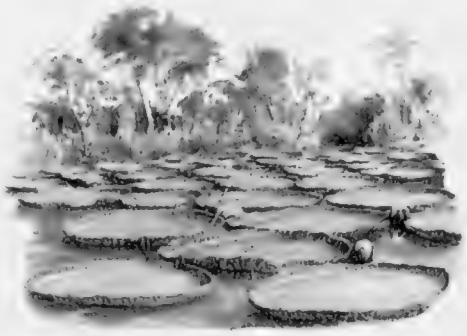
The Ucayali and Marañon join forces about 80 miles from Iquitos, and here, a Peruvian told me, the name Amazon was applied. But a Brazilian on board asserted that the Amazon belonged entirely to his country. Until the Brazilian frontier was reached, about 300 miles farther on, the new name of the river was Solimões. In order to avoid an international incident, I accepted both theories without question. But I have since seen a map that gives the name Solimões to a part of the main stream in Brazil. I feel, however, that a river that is already two miles wide at Iquitos, 2,000 miles from its mouth, deserves the better-known name that is connected with a fabulous race of female warriors.

As the launch approached Iquitos I had ample opportunity to watch some of the rafts of enormous mahogany logs being floated down to the sawmills. In some cases, in order to make the rafts more buoyant, additional logs of very light balsa wood had been bound to the mahogany. In four days at Iquitos I had a complete new outfit made, together with a fine mahogany box for spare parts. Such an achievement could not now be equalled in London. I also had my luxuriant beard photographed, and then removed. Then I boarded a Brazilian river steamer, that burnt 2,000 large logs a day, and covered the next 1,200 miles down the Amazon to Manaos in six days.

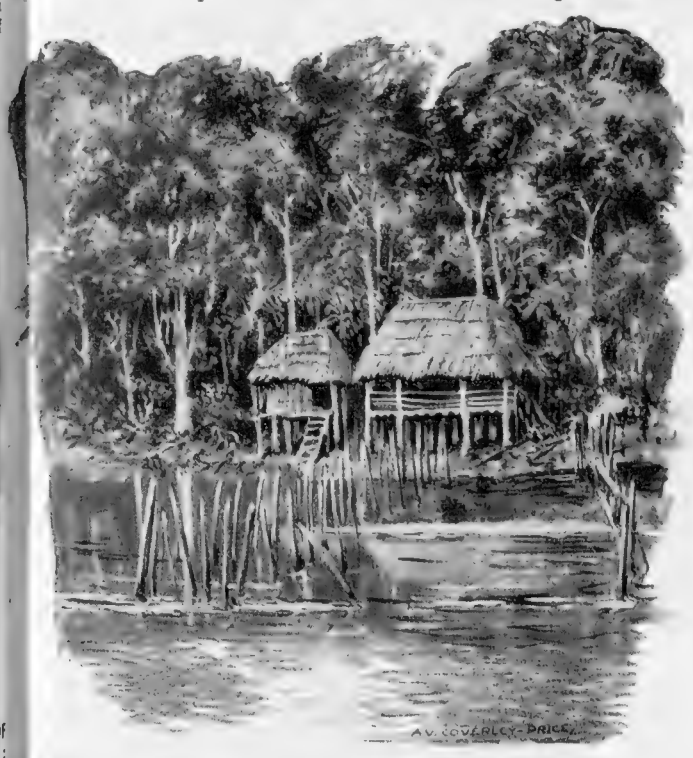
Part of the river, being so wide that it sometimes seemed like an enormous lake, was less interesting than the Urubamba mountain. Already I had a nostalgic longing to be back in a canoe with the paddlers, in spite of the hardships. Sometimes, I could gaze at the solid wall of jungle, watching for the occasional white trunks of gigantic silk-cotton trees and for the occasional families of monkeys that appeared in the tree-tops. An alligator swimming across the river was the high spot in a day otherwise without incident. It was a relief sometimes to stop



THE URUBAMBA BREAKS THROUGH THE LAST FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES THROUGH THIS NARROW GORGE, A MILE-AND-A-HALF IN LENGTH, KNOWN TO THE INDIANS AS THE PONGO DE MAINIQUE—"THE GATEWAY OF THE PARROTS": It is one of the principal highways for birds migrating between the highlands and the lowlands. Throughout its length the gorge is seething with very dangerous rapids and whirlpools, and the limestone walls become so precipitous and slippery that it is impossible to make a portage. In this gorge the canoe in which the artist was travelling with the leader of the expedition was swamped a few seconds after being launched, and it capsized in mid-stream. The leader and one of the Indians were drowned. Fortunately, the artist's sketches were in a second canoe, which managed to get through safely, though swamped, and to return to rescue the survivors, who had swum amidst the rapids and whirlpools to the rocks. This picture shows the upper part of the gorge, with a dugout shooting the rapids. The other canoe has been swamped while being lowered downstream with ropes, empty, to the farthest point to which it was possible to carry the baggage over the rocks



SOME MILES FROM MANAOS TOURISTS ARE SHOWN THESE FINE SPECIMENS OF THE VICTORIA REGIA WATER-LILY: The leaves may be from 3 to 5 ft. across, rich green in colour.



THE JUNGLE WALLS OF THE AMAZON ARE IMPENETRABLE: Periodically the water floods far in among the trees, where there are always swamps and tangles of vegetation, living and dead, interlaced with lianas. On the Ucayali, in Peru, and on the main stream of the Amazon in Brazil there are occasional villages in jungle clearings on the banks, their huts on stilts

at a Brazilian village, where the low buildings were clustered on a hump of higher ground freed from the jungle, and to watch the canoes and boats that for a short time enlivened the sultry scene.

In a thick early-morning mist the steamer anchored at Manaos, a port that had seen better days in the time of the rubber boom. Here I joined the ship that had brought passengers from Europe "a thousand miles up the Amazon," some of whom were astonished to learn that I had come more than twice that distance by water all the way from the Andes. Together we visited a rubber factory, a factory where Brazil nuts are prepared for export, and a creek some miles away where the enormous Victoria Regia water-lilies thrive in their natural setting. In this region the Amazon, when in flood, spreads for miles into the jungle, and any buildings that are not on high ground have to be constructed on stilts. With some of the tourists I chugged about in a motor-boat on the debris-strewn bosom of the flood, and it was an uncanny experience to be floating among the tops of trees and palms whose roots were, for the time being, more than 100 ft. below. It was considerably less entertaining when we collided with a hornets' nest in the top of a palm-tree.

The last 1,000 miles down the river to Pará, in an ocean-going steamer, were less dull than I had expected, for we followed devious channels among long and densely-forested islands. It was impossible to appreciate the immense width of the Amazon, whose delta extends over 160 miles. Facing the dawn in one of the narrow channels, we appeared to be steaming along a canal cut through the trees, whose branches were almost within reach. Soon I was at sea-level again, waiting to sail from Pará back to England. I had travelled more than 3,000 miles by river, downhill all the way

IN THE LOWER REACHES OF THE AMAZON, APPROACHING PARÁ, THE SHIP STEAMS BETWEEN LONG, LOW ISLANDS COVERED WITH DENSE FOREST. SOMETIMES THE DEEP CHANNEL IS SO NARROW THAT IT SEEMS ALMOST POSSIBLE TO TOUCH THE JUNGLE WALLS FROM THE DECK: There are innumerable birds, and occasionally monkeys are seen in the tree-tops. Water-logged tree-trunks and other debris of the forest are a constant menace to navigation. Here a heron is seen perched on a floating tree-trunk. Some of the forest trees produce beautiful woods that are of great commercial value, and there are hundreds of species of palms. Pará, the port standing at the mouth of the Amazon, is said to be very healthy, and there is a punning saying that "*Quem vai para Pará para*"—"He who goes to Pará stops there."

WORLD REACTION TO THE DEATH OF THE KING

The Peoples of Countries Great and Small Do Homage on the Death of King George VI

THE UNITED STATES—PRESIDENT TRUMAN ATTENDS THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO KING GEORGE VI IN WASHINGTON, D.C.: The President, seen entering Washington Cathedral for the service, is followed by his daughter Margaret, Mrs. Truman, the Canadian Ambassador, Mr. Hume H. Wrong, and the British Ambassador, Sir Oliver Franks, who read the Lesson. Shortly before the President entered, Princess Andrew of Greece, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is visiting America, was conducted to her seat in the nave

FRANCE—THE BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH IN PARIS, WHERE MA DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN GATHERED TO DO HOMAGE AT MEMORIAL SERVICE TO KING GEORGE: Sir Oliver Harvey, t British Ambassador, Madame Vincent Auriol and General Grossin, h of the military staff of the Presidency, were among the congregati

INDIA—PANDIT NEHRU ATTENDS A MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE CHURCH OF THE REDEMPTION, NEW DELHI: The Prime Minister is seen arriving with his daughter, Mrs. Indra Gandhi (left), and his sister, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, former Ambassador to the United States. Sir Archibald Nye, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, many high officers of the Indian Government and representatives of all castes and creeds attended the service. British communities throughout India were deeply touched by the sincerity and spontaneity of the sympathy expressed by Indians of all walks of life.

PAKISTAN—REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNMENT AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PA RICK ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, KARACHI: This picture, taken inside the Cathedral, shows Mr. M. C. M Lobo (left), a member of the Pakistan Public Service Commission, who represented the Governor-Gener and Mr. T. B. Creagh Coen, representing the Government, both seated before the pews. The Bishop Lahore preached at another memorial service held at Holy Trinity Church at which the heads of all t diplomatic missions in Karachi were present. A two minutes silence was observed throughout the capi

DENMARK—MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE ENGLISH CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S, COPENHAGEN: Sir Alec Randall, the British Ambassador, is seen here with Princess Elizabeth (left), Princess Caroline Mathilde and (right) Queen Alexandrine after the memorial service. High officers of the Government and members of the Diplomatic Corps attended the service.

MALTA—SAILORS WITH BOWED HEADS KEEP VIGIL AT THE BUST OF THE KING IN PALACE SQUAR WHERE WREATHS WERE LAID BY OFFICIALS AND MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC: In the backgrou Navy, Army and Air Force detachments await the sounding of the Last Post and the two minutes silen The ceremony was watched by many of the people of Malta, who during the war had collectively earn the King's award of the George Cross. The Governor and Lady Creasy were among the congregati at a service for the King at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral conducted by the Archdeacon of Ma

GREECE—MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT A SERVICE OF COMMEMORATION : Queen Frederika leaves the Orthodox Cathedral at Athens after the service, which was conducted by Archbishop Spyridon, Primate of All Greece. Other members of the Royal Family and officials and members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. The Rev. D. A. Duncan, Chaplain to the British Embassy, read in English some of the prayers.

ITALY—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF SANTI APOSTOLI IN ROME DURING THE CEREMONY OF PROPITIATION FOR THE KING : On the left, kneeling, are (left to right) President Einaudi, Signora Einaudi, Enrico de Nicola, Chairman of the Senate, and the Prime Minister, Alcide de Gasperi. Sir Walter Roberts, the British Minister to the Holy See, eight cardinals and a number of archbishops and bishops were also present.

EGYPT—REPRESENTATIVES OF THE KING AND GOVERNMENT AT THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS IN CAIRO : In this picture Prince Mohamed Ali, who represented King Farouk at the memorial service, shakes hands with the British Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, after the service. The Prime Minister of Egypt, Aly Maher Pasha, and other Egyptian dignitaries were also present.

PORTUGAL—EX-KING CAROL OF RUMANIA LEAVES THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE, LISBON, AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE : Behind, the ex-King's wife Princess Helena shakes hands with Mr. Stephanus Du Toit, the South African Minister. The Canadian Minister, Mr. William Turgeon, is on the right.

BELGIUM—ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL JOORIS, YOUNG KING BAUDOUIN ARRIVES FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN BRUSSELS : King Baudouin's refusal to attend the funeral aroused considerable criticism in his country, and when he arrived for the service in Brussels boos were mingled with the cheering.

GERMANY—REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY NATIONS JOIN WITH THE BRITISH COMMUNITY AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE IN BERLIN : This picture shows the colours of the three British infantry battalions in Berlin—the 1st Battalion The King's Regiment, the 1st Battalion The Durham Light Infantry and the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment—carried away down the aisle at the end of the service.

KOREA—SOLDIERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH DIVISION HONOUR THE PASSING OF THEIR KING : The guards of honour stand with bowed heads and arms reversed as a Senior Chaplain of the Commonwealth Division, the Rev. W. W. P. Rhys, standing behind the "Fort George" sign, conducts the service. In Pusan the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Alex Adams, the American Ambassador, Mr. John J. Muccio, and the South Korean Acting Premier, Hin Chung, were present at another memorial service, conducted by the Rev. H. Fawcett and the Rev. P. Burrough.

The Sphere of Travel

TOURING ABROAD WITH £25

How to Keep Within the Government Limit During a Fortnight's Stay

By C. H. FALCON

The question is not: can we have a Continental holiday on the new foreign currency allowance? but: how can we have a worthwhile holiday abroad lasting ten days or a fortnight (since few will wish to pay £20 to £30 for only a week), with reasonable comfort and some "spending money" left over?

In this connection, the report of a travel agency is interesting. Out of 3,000 inclusive tours planned for this summer, only 500 have had to be cancelled because of the reduced allowance. The inclusive tour covering fares and all expenses abroad, with the exception of afternoon tea, baths and drinks, is slightly cheaper than the individually arranged holiday. But there is a wide choice here too, though we shall have to visit country districts or the smaller seaside resorts and stay at hotels classified by the travel agencies as second class. These are the hotels with fewer bed- and reception-rooms and less sumptuous appointments. But the things that matter—food, cleanliness and service—are excellent.

If you would spin out your holiday in Sweden as long as possible, travelling about the country, living in simple accommodation and mixing with the people, consider staying in hostels. These in the southern provinces appear to be about a day's cycle ride apart.

People of all ages use the hostels, for which the charge ranges from about 2s. to 5s. a night according to the accommodation, with a small extra charge for a calico sleeping bag unless you take your own sheets. Information about hostels can be obtained from the Swedish travel agencies or Svenska Turistföreningen in Stockholm, Gothenburg or Malmö. I found the converted private house offered the most comfortable accommodation, for here are bedrooms and beds, whereas in some specially built hostels the accommodation is in dormitories, sometimes with two-tier bunks. I avoided these and the elementary school doing duty as a hostel during the summer holidays, for here again the dormitory system operates. There is a happy arrangement in many small towns and seaside resorts: a Government bureau that keeps a list of private people willing to take guests. At Kalmar I was sent to the house of an English-speaking lady who, for 10s. a night, allotted me a two-room flat, "and please use the garden and help yourself to the fruit." I catered for myself in this instance. More often, for an inclusive charge paid to the bureau, one lives in a private house and takes one's meals at a specified restaurant.

In country districts, a Swedish-English phrase-book will be found useful, for not everyone speaks a foreign language. When seeking information, speak English to young people, for English is now the first foreign language learned in the schools; try German with the older generation, for they studied that language in their day at school.

At many hostels, the evening meal is served between 5 and 6 p.m., so transpose "afternoon tea" till 9 p.m. Most British people like Swedish food. A wonderful assortment of hors d'œuvres and delicious sandwiches are a feature of every main meal, but in out-of-the-way places you may meet some strange dishes. It was certainly a surprise to be offered on one occasion a dish of boiled beetroot at breakfast!

Now, what about a Continental holiday with one's own car? This, too, is still possible. The car allowance of £15 will cover the running expenses, say the motoring authorities, of a trip to Switzerland in a car with a petrol consumption of 20 to 25 miles to the gallon. Sightseeing tours will not figure largely in the motorist's itinerary; it will mostly be a case of going direct to the chosen holiday centre. France, the Belgian Ardennes and the Black Forest are worth the motorist's consideration. Expenses to the Continental port of disembarkation are paid in sterling (£10 return for the car up to 12 h.p. on the Dover-Dunkirk ferry; no charge on the Tilbury-Gothenburg steamers if there are three fare-paying passengers; £2 10s. with two passengers). One night en route in France will cost approximately 30s.; and reckon hotel accommodation, including three good meals and gratuities in, for example, the Black Forest, at 23s. a day.

Some countries sell petrol of two qualities. The ordinary quality ranges from 3s. 6d. a gallon in Belgium and Sweden to 5s. 10d. in France: the super quality in France is 6s. 4d. Owners of cars with a high petrol consumption will plan their routes carefully to avoid mountainous districts and large towns. They will travel on the straight main roads where a uniform speed can be maintained.

Experienced drivers can quickly adapt themselves to driving on the right-hand side of the road, which is the rule in most European countries. The chief difficulty is that, with the driving wheel on the right, it is necessary to pull well out into the road to obtain a clear view when passing other vehicles.

THE SANDS OF SAN SEBASTIAN, WHERE THE RELATIVELY COOL ATLANTIC SUMMER HOLIDAY IS AN ATTRACTION AT THE RELATIVELY REASONABLE SPANISH PRICES: San Sebastian, on the main Paris-Madrid railway, is easily reached. The journey can be speeded by going by air from London to Bordeaux and thence by train.

Adjustments in holiday schedules are being made here and abroad to meet the new conditions, for there seems to be a pleasingly British bulldog spirit about; people are saying that they intended to take a foreign holiday and that they are going to have it.

Well, Spain still offers the British visitor the cheapest European holiday; Austria comes next on the list. About Spain: the stretch of sandy coast between the French frontier and Barcelona is especially popular in summer. Here are lovely sandy bays with small hotels. A fortnight's holiday—rail travel—allows eleven nights at a good second-class hotel and £10 spending money. Or if you take an inclusive tour to Costa Brava, say, the cost is £44, covering second-class travel in France, first-class in Spain, transport to hotel, and all expenses there for eleven nights, including gratuities, and you are left with £11 10s. to spend.

"Buy fewer extras and stay longer" will be some visitors' motto; and this should be no hardship, remembering that in Spain the £ goes farther than at home. A bottle of sherry or half-a-bottle of liqueur costs 5s.; a bottle of vermouth, 4s. 6d. Food is plentiful; peaches, figs and other fruit grow in abundance and are freely offered the tourist. Spaniards in the hinterland are cordial and unspoilt.

A holiday in Majorca is even cheaper than on the Spanish mainland. In this case it is worth considering travelling by air, though this to all Continental places is more expensive than travel by rail and steamer.

Austria draws many British visitors. They visit chiefly the Tyrol, provinces of Vorarlberg and Carinthia and Salzkammergut, the Austrian lake district.

Switzerland is so anxious to welcome its British tourists that the abolition of the high season supplementary charge levied by some hotels during July and August is under consideration. Undoubtedly Switzerland has much to offer, with her glorious scenery, bracing air and opportunities for swimming, sailing and tennis. It will be a case of about ten days if you stay at a second-class hotel and indulge in a few of the extras; but a longer visit will be possible in the small villages and if you stay in a Gasthaus.

France, Belgium and Holland will attract many from this country because of their accessibility; but the saving will be mainly in sterling: that is, in the cost of travel. We must again choose the less-frequented resorts for our ten to fifteen days' holiday. Brittany and Normandy, with their fine beaches, are worth consideration, especially for a family holiday.

Those who know these neighbour countries of ours may wish to go farther afield, perhaps to Scandinavia. The Baltic, tideless and nearly saltless, has a fascination of its own. A fortnight's holiday on its shores is within our range, but in Sweden avoid the cities, where life is expensive. Plans to go to Sweden should be made early in view of the Olympic Games in Finland, since Finland is reached chiefly by way of Sweden, and steamer passages for July are heavily booked.

AUXERRE, ON THE YONNE, WITH THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN DOMINATING THE LEFT FOREGROUND: Auxerre is not exactly a holiday centre, but for the sketcher and the walker it has a special charm.

BLACK-AND-WHITE TIMBERED DWELLINGS NEAR OLPE: This typical village lies between Cassel and Cologne.

To eke out the currency and prolong the holiday, some people will consider taking the car and a tent. Camping sites on the Continent are easily obtainable. Tourist offices here and abroad will advise about them. In isolated districts, as at home, permission to pitch a tent is readily given. In unfamiliar countries, do not leave the search for a site or the shopping for the evening meal, if you intend to cook this, till too late in the day, or you may have difficulty in finding what you want. Use drinking water from a safe source only. Pitch the tent on level ground, not at the foot of a hill or cliff, or water rushing down the slope in heavy rain may flood the tent. If you pitch on sandy soil, you may need extra long tent-pegs to ensure they hold in windy weather.

Always ask the landowner's permission to light a fire and gather wood. It is wise to take a Primus stove with you. You may plan to eat in restaurants; but if you decide to cook for yourself, then cut away a piece of turf to accommodate your fire and, before you leave, replace the turf to hide the burnt patch. A cooking fire should be small; this prevents the fire spreading, saves fuel and makes cooking easier.

COMEDIES

Shakespearian, Musical, Fantastic and Literary

The Two Gentlemen of Verona at the Old Vic; *Bet Your Life* at the Hippodrome; *Under the Sycamore Tree* in Edinburgh; and *First Person Singular* at the Duke of York's

THE BRISTOL OLD VIC COMPANY VISITS LONDON: Laurence Payne as Proteus; Colin Ellis as Antonio, and Norman Tyrrell as Panthino in Denis Carey's production of Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* at the Old Vic. The Bristol Old Vic has had a big success in the Waterloo Road, following a two-weeks run of Shakespeare's comedy at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* has not been revived in London for forty years and is considered one of the lesser comedies. But it contains much that fully justifies its production, including character sketches which were developed in later plays. The Bristol Old Vic mixes modern plays with its Shakespeare and, between now and next June, will be presenting Eugene Labiche's *The Italian Straw Hat*, which has been seen in London in René Clair's film version; T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion*; Peter Ustinov's *The Love of Four Colonels*, which is still playing to packed houses at Wyndham's Theatre; and John Whiting's *A Penny for a Song*.

A BRITISH MUSICAL COMEDY WITH AN AMERICAN STAR: Julie Wilson, who was one of the stars of *Kiss Me, Kate!*, returns to the London stage as the unrequited bride in Alan Melville's musical show, *Bet Your Life*, which Jack Hylton presents at the Hippodrome. Left to right are Julie Wilson, Arthur Askey, as the bridegroom and winner of the Hippodrome Ascot Gold Cup, Sally Ann Howes and Brian Reece.

AN EDINBURGH PRE-VIEW: Diana Churchill and Alec Guinness in Peter Glenville's production of Sam Spewack's new comedy, *Under the Sycamore Tree*, which was given its first British performance at the Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh. This unusual comedy-satire tilts at world affairs by presenting its characters as ants and their world an ant-heap. Diana Churchill plays the Queen Ant, and Alec Guinness a scientist-ant. *Under the Sycamore Tree* is now at Aberdeen and opens in Glasgow next Monday. It will be played in Newcastle, Birmingham, and Manchester before coming to the West End.

On left—

"BET YOUR LIFE" UNITES ARTHUR ASKEY AND JULIE WILSON AS A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE WHOSE HONEYMOON IS CONTINUOUSLY AND HILARIOUSLY DISTURBED BY ASKEY'S TALENT FOR DREAMING AND ANNOUNCING WINNERS OF THE FOLLOWING DAY'S RACES. A newspaper tipster, the bride's parents, a spiv and a bandit all arrange to be present when the little man talks in his sleep. Brian Reece (P.C. 49) plays the racing correspondent and Sally Ann Howes the daughter of the proprietor of his newspaper. The show ends with Askey riding the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup after predicting the result to the benefit of all concerned. His bride's anti-gambling parents are reconciled to their jockey son-in-law and all ends happily.

THE TRIALS OF PUBLISHING: Patric Doonan, as the unsuccessful young novelist, shows the daffodil he has grown in secret to the octogenarian best-selling novelist, played by Felix Aylmer, in Lewis Grant Wallace's comedy, *First Person Singular*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. On the left is Athene Seyler as the old novelist's wife, and, on the right, Rachel Gurney as his daughter.

ADORING SCHOOLTEACHER AND BEST-SELLER'S WIFE: Irene Handl and Athene Seyler in *First Person Singular*. Lewis Grant Wallace's comedy begins with the world acclamation of a popular novelist on his eightieth birthday. Into his admiring family circle comes an embittered young writer who threatens to shoot him in order to induce a publisher to take his novel on its news value as the creation of a murderer. After this unlikely beginning, the story proceeds, with the authors striking a bargain to publish their books under each other's names, and the effect of the scheme on the established author's self-esteem. Felix Aylmer's quiet study of the old novelist whose latest book compares unfavourably with the young writer's first publication, and Athene Seyler's sympathetic characterisation of his wife, save the play from its improbable plot. The ending shows the fierce young author softened by success, love for the old novelist's daughter, and his glimpse of a gentler life.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NEW NOVELS IN A VARIED MENU

Snobbery, Old Love and Young Love, a Family Saga, and the Tale of a Suicide Who Borrows a Life

A SNOB is a person with exaggerated respect for social position or wealth and a disposition to be ashamed of socially inferior connections, behave with servility to social superiors, and judge of merit by externals. So much for snobs, and a tiresome company they are when met in everyday life. But a snob may yet be an excellent subject for the novelist's pen, as Miss Laura Talbot is not the first to find. Her new novel, which is only her second, is an admirable exposition, till it verges on caricature, of such a being's existence, and has the real merit of convincing even the most compassionate reader that people of this kind not only do exist but can be responsible for making others as unhappy as themselves. THE GENTLEWOMEN (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a novel which treats the subject with considerable taste, some humour, and, incidentally, which contains some first-rate nursery and schoolroom scenes.

First-rate is also a term which should be applied to Mr. John Lodwick's new novel, LOVE BADE ME WELCOME (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.). I think I have not relished a book of this author's quite as much as this story, which treats of violent death, but is not primarily concerned with murder, which contains a police investigation on both English and French lines and yet is emphatically not a detective story, and which tells of old love and young love and has not a banal sentence in it. As often with Mr. Lodwick's work, it is the men, and not the women and beautiful girls, who are the most sharply observed, and in this case the chief delight of the book lies in the more or less friendly rivalry between the two exponents of nationally different methods of reasoning. The dialogue here is often brilliant, the wit sly and pointed; the result is a novel that I would recommend you not to miss.

The trouble, and the fun, in Mr. Edward Hyams's SYLVESTER (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) start when a young radar officer, celebrating Victory night in Rosyth, finds a discarded perambulator and, with a few willing and exhilarated helpers, fastens it to the mast of a foreign corvette berthed near by. The strange device, to which Sylvester has thoughtfully added a pawnbroker's sign, is at first taken to be a fresh type of radar mechanism. When that misprision becomes serious, and with it, the tone of the book, Sylvester tries to retrieve his mistake, but by then it is too late. This novel has an abundance of funny moments which one welcomes, but it is in essence a satire on the stupidity that can be as dangerous as deliberate malice.

Mr. Henry Williamson has planned his new long novel, THE DARK LANTERN (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), as the first of a sequence which will follow the fortunes of an English family from the end of the nineteenth century to the period of the last war; an ambitious undertaking which is apt to give the first volume a certain heaviness or portentousness. In spite of this, though, the story itself is good enough to keep the reader's interest, even if there were not the rewarding passages on country life which few can describe better than this author at his best. His heroine is the daughter of a rich City merchant, his hero a clerk in a London banking house who keeps that employment for its safe, small income, while at heart he is a countryman By and large this is a worthwhile book.

In our own times we have seen at least one or two screen stars whose names became legendary—in the world where screen stars are recognised—and it is of such a one that Mr. Paul Tabori writes in SALVATORE (Cassell. 10s. 6d.). In this novel, slightly too solemn in tone for its subject, we see a Hollywood producer who has come to Italy to collect material on the life of the now defunct Salvatore, and who is also looking for a man handsome and dynamic enough to play the part of the famous actor. In his researches he is helped by a young Englishman whose weary indifference to the might of Hollywood makes him an ideal "no man." Together they tour the country and, as the story opens, arrive at the little town where they are to find Salvatore's secret. Nothing epoch-making here, but a pleasant enough tale, and told with a technical smoothness.

Miss Barbara Noble's novel, ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), has a central theme as simple and as strong as a Greek drama. A man, disillusioned rather than broken by life, attempts suicide by jumping off a London bridge into the river. Another man dives over to rescue him and, just as he accomplishes this, is drowned himself. While Simon is recovering he is told of his rescuer's death and from that moment feels that he is living a borrowed life. He patches up his own existence, visits a probation officer each week, and gradually feels an awakening curiosity about the dead man's circumstances. His emotional voyage of discovery in this direction is beautifully treated by Miss Noble, who has written her best novel to date with this.

PEDIGREE OF HONEY (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) is a novel of English family life, with a difference, and that difference takes it out of the humdrum of externals into the mind and heart of an unremarkable but likeable man. Tobias was born and brought up in the great middle class to parents whose existence seemed both dull and rigidly conventional to the young man, who soon decided to break away, and to make a different life for himself. His choice in this matter would not strike everyone as exactly Utopian, but to Miss Norah C. James' hero it spelt happiness or, if that is too big a word, contentment.

NO CAUSE TO MOURN (Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.) is the war story of a young Englishman, who went straight from school to war in 1939, lived through Dunkirk, and finally became a member of a tank crew in the desert warfare in North Africa, fighting against superior numbers but in the end undefeated. Mr. Alan Coplestone writes calmly and without bravado of battles and their intervals, and has achieved a story in which we can believe.

For those who don't like circuses, or the idea of animals in captivity, or the details of surgical operations, I would hardly suggest the story of Mr. J. Y. Henderson's career as ideal reading, for this, as told to Mr. Richard Taplinger, is concerned with all three of these phenomena. Mr. Henderson is the chief vet. of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, and CIRCUS DOCTOR (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) gives the reader an extremely vivid idea of the patients he treats and the risks he takes attending them. Anyone who is not in the above categories will find this book most entertaining.

RETURN TO NAPLES (Dobson. 10s. 6d.) is in some ways a sequel to Mr. Giuseppe Marotta's *Neapolitan Gold*. In that book he wrote of the city as he had known it twenty years before: now he writes of the recent six months when he revisited the place, to find that its essentials were unchanged, although he had been away from it during such a period of change and upheaval. He arrived there in March when, as he puts it, with more enthusiasm than accuracy, "Naples is a little girl on her way to first communion with a bunch of violets in her hand." It would, however, be unsafe to judge the book from that brief quotation, for it has Neapolitan exuberance as well as sentimentality

Mrs. Catherine Ing is a lecturer in English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and so it is perhaps natural that her book on ELIZABETHAN LYRICS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) should have something of the neatly marshalled formality that such an appointment seems to connote. This *Study of the Development of English Metres and their Relation to Poetic Effect* is, in point of fact, quite fascinating, even to a practised footnote skipper, and there will be many to appreciate Mrs. Ing's excellent point, that the lyrics of the Elizabethan age, "so far from being the spontaneous and untutored cries of 'a nest of singing birds' . . . were the products of highly-conscious artists, often working to rule, always well aware of the effect they wished to produce, and deliberately choosing certain means towards their chosen ends."

A LANDMARK IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON—THE YORK BUILDINGS WATER-TOWER AND THE STEPS UP TO VILLIERS STREET, CHARING CROSS: The York Buildings Waterworks Company was founded at the end of the seventeenth century to supply the new houses which were being erected over the sites of Cecil, Arundel, Durham, York and other riverside mansions. The company attempted to pump water with a steam engine, designed by Savery, which never functioned effectively and they had to employ horses to do its work. This illustration is taken from Hugh Phillips' new volume, *The Thames About 1750* (Collins. 3 gns.). The book forms an important contribution to the social history and topography of London. The illustrations are taken principally from the author's collection of old prints.

"The Gilbert and Sullivan Book"

The illustrations in the Savoy Triumvirate, a recent three-page feature of "The Sphere," were taken from Leslie Baily's new volume, *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book*, which has been published by Messrs. Cassell's at 42s. This new book not only contains many hitherto unpublished pictures depicting the Gilbert and Sullivan story but also much biographical detail taken from the private papers of the two distinguished collaborators of the world of light opera.

INTERPRETING HIERONYMUS BOSCH

An Examination of the Mysterious and Remarkable Dutch Painter

Wilfully stepping right out of the tradition of church painting in the fifteenth century is the somewhat bizarre and mysterious figure of Hieronymus Bosch, the inspirer of Brueghel and Lucas Cranach, a satirist far in advance of his time, and one of the most original and ingenious artists of his day. Coming to terms with his creative work has long set a problem for students of art. The biographical approach is unfruitful, for we do not know when he was born, who were his friends or teachers or patrons, the likely inspirers of his intellectual and spiritual development. In THE MILLENNIUM OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH (Faber and Faber. 42s.) Wilhelm Franger has sought to penetrate far into the heart of the problem—farther, indeed, than anyone before him. He concentrates upon a detailed study of the painting called by him "The Millennium," but widely known as "The Garden of Earthly Delights." He reveals Bosch as a painter who served an heretical cult, the Adamites, attempting to show that the nakedness and eroticism of the picture, which have always seemed to be of a curiously innocent kind, are essentially religious. The purpose of the cult was to return to the state of our first parents. We are asked to look upon Bosch as a clearer-away of inhibitions, as a constructive teacher in the realm of sexual-ethical teaching. As he develops his theme, Dr. Franger reveals a curious attitude in his interpretations. He takes us through the maze of this Dutch painter's artistic wizardry, the tangled dream images, with such self-assurance that sooner or later the reader is inclined to challenge him. Just as the surrealists have claimed Hieronymus Bosch for their own, as could no doubt the followers of the nudist cult, so has Dr. Franger claimed him for the church. The Millennium, he assures us in his closing comments, represents pre-Reformation sectarian Christianity, and it represents it "with such weight and dignity that it will hold its own beside the Catholic altar-piece of the brothers van Eyck and the Lutheran altar-pieces of Lucas Cranach—towering in majestic isolation." Dr. Franger is entitled to his view, and his arguments are well marshalled, but one could wish that he left room in his mind for just a shade of honest doubt, some alternative, possibly parallel interpretation. All this certitude can be very disconcerting.

Lord Geddes' remarkable new volume, THE FORGING OF A FAMILY (Faber and Faber. 25s.), in which this politician, diplomatist, and business man, who was also at one time Professor of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons and at another Lloyd George's Director of Recruiting, sets out the story of his family, is a truly remarkable document. It is composed by a man of versatility, composed despite the terrible handicap of blindness, and devoted in the main to a testament of personal belief based on a study of this family story. This is not the sort of book which ex-statesmen usually write. It is a product of deep contemplation upon the problems of this materialistic age. It is certainly a challenge to ideas which govern so many minds to-day. This account of "The Geddes Acts" and a setting-out of purely personal beliefs, concentrates in particular on man's place in the universe. It may well be that one man's search for the meaning of it all will bring relief to the troubled minds of others. If so, this literary experiment has been infinitely worth while.

It is over fifty years since Winston Churchill wrote his biography of his father. Now revised and reprinted, and replete with a new introduction by the author, it appears again. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (Odhams. 21s.) is a model of political biography, reaching its climax with the resignation of 1886 and the quarrel with Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph's career was in its earlier phase one of acrimonious violence, in its last phase one of tragic ineffectiveness, arousing the pity of those who witnessed the physical and mental breakdown of a powerful personality. It is upon the middle period of greatness which Mr. Winston Churchill concentrates, and in doing so he helps to secure his father's memory.

Another reprint which comes in response to a more than usual popular demand is Adlard Coles' NORTH ATLANTIC (Robert Ross, in association with Harrap. 15s.). This is a second edition of Mr. Coles' story of the memorable ocean race in 1950 when the three yachts, *Cohoe*, *Samuel Pepys* and *Mokoia*, battled their way eastward across the Atlantic from Bermuda to Plymouth. Lord Fraser of the North Cape writes the foreword to this memorable account of an adventure among the little ships.

Sylvia Lovat Corbridge is the author of IT 'S AN OLD LANCASHIRE CUSTOM (Dennis Dobson. 10s. 6d.), an essay on the Lancashire character which certainly disposes of a number of wrong-headed southern notions about the Lancastrian, and certainly emphasises his abiding zest for life

MAKING A FILM (Allen and Unwin. 17s. 6d.) is an account of the making of the film *Secret People*. It is chronicled and edited by Lindsay Anderson and, what is of special interest, it includes the original shooting script of the film.

EXCURSION RATES *to*

South Africa

***in* MAY *and* JUNE**

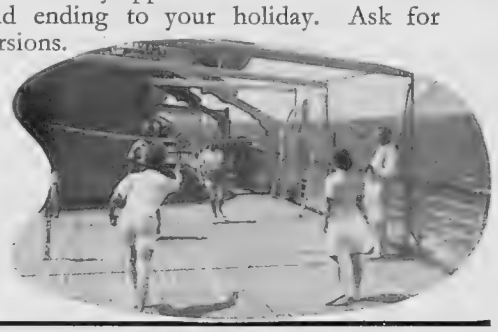
SAVE 20% ON FIRST CLASS FARES

Travel during May or June, and save up to £60 in the first-class fares to South Africa and back. 14 days at sea on a beautifully appointed Union-Castle Mail Vessel provide a perfect prelude and ending to your holiday. Ask for literature and for details of Shore Excursions.

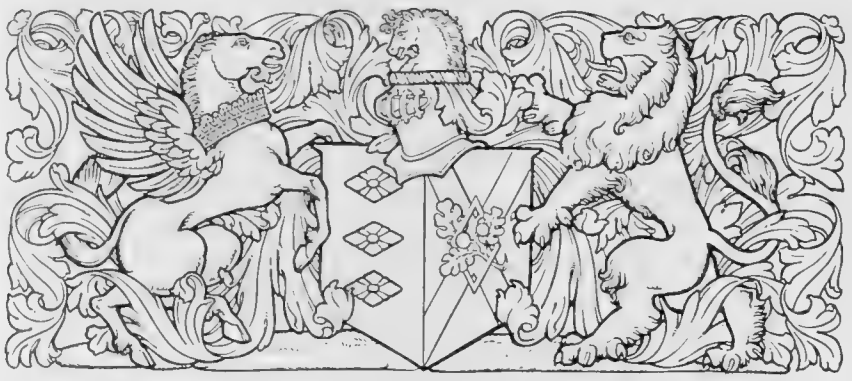
TRAVEL

Union-Castle

"THE BIG SHIP WAY"



Apply :—Head Office, 3 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. West End Passenger Agency : 125 Pall Mall, S.W.1, *or Travel Agents*



GOOD CARS HAVE

BRITISH LEATHER

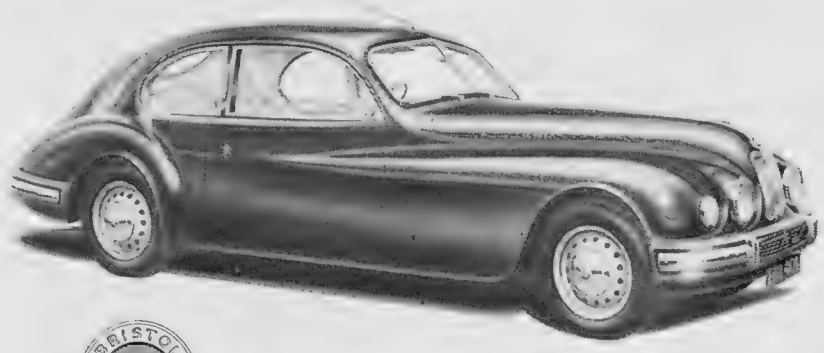
UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like Leather
Adequate supplies are now available

Castle Combe, Wilts

The highest standard in motoring...

From Bristol, historic gateway to the West of England, with its wealth of natural beauty and centuries-long heritage of British craftsmanship, comes the "Bristol" two-litre car... a 20th century example of the quality and grace of British design and workmanship.



THE BRISTOL TYPE 401

THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED, FILTON HOUSE, BRISTOL HS/B1

How much money can I take with me?

Every monetary problem that arises when you are arranging to go abroad can be dealt with promptly through any branch of Lloyds Bank.

The Bank will tell you how much money can be taken, issue Travellers' Cheques or Letters of Credit and permitted amounts of foreign currency, and undertake any other monetary arrangements that may be necessary for any journey on business or pleasure, across the Channel or across the world.

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

1677

it's only fair to warn you

. . . that the new Sobranie Straight Cut Virginia will make you a confirmed smoker for life. There'll be no turning back — its smooth smoking, its inimitable flavour will captivate you. Here is Sobranie's age-old tradition happily wedded to the Virginia vogue of today.

SOBRANIE
straight cut virginia

Have a nicer tea with **"Bermaline"** *Bread and butter*

The Finest Liqueur at any time

Indispensable in:-
★ Cocktails
★ Fruit Salads
★ Grape Fruit etc.

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England

Sole Importers
W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd. Newcastle upon Tyne 6

Gleneagles
HOTEL
Perthshire

Britain's Distinguished Resort for Fashionable Recreation
attracts its clientele
from all over the world

★

OPEN EASTER
TO OCTOBER

★

Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the resident Manager.

HOTELS EXECUTIVE · LONDON N.W.1

There's never been a soap like WRIGHT'S!

IDEAL FOR TOILET, BATH AND NURSERY

We Speak for the Children

5,000 Girls and Boys now in our care

A VOLUNTARY SOCIETY STILL NEEDING YOUR HELP

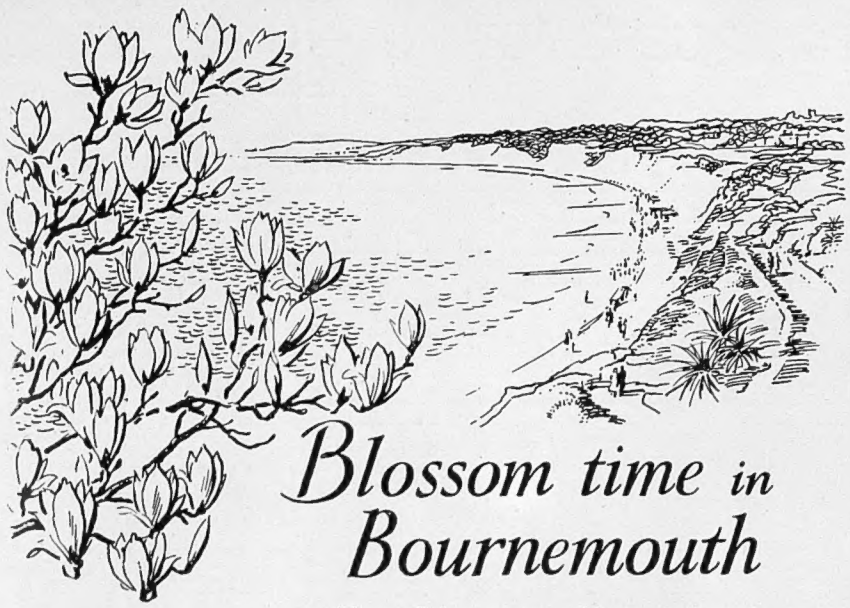
DONATIONS and LEGACIES gratefully received

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11



Blossom time in Bournemouth

Vistas of blue seas and golden sands framed in flowers, bewildering in their variety, meet you at every turn in Bournemouth. Golf, tennis, riding and other outdoor sports are doubly enjoyable in its mild and sunny climate. Music, ice-skating, and dancing; theatres and cinemas all contribute to an attractive programme that in Bournemouth continues throughout the year.

Hard Court Tennis Championships of Great Britain
28th April to 3rd May 1952

WRITE FOR THE NEW BOURNEMOUTH GUIDE...

Bournemouth

BRITAIN'S ALL-SEASONS RESORT

Write for new Bournemouth Guide, Post 6d., P.O. please, or Free Folder and Hotel List from W. Birtwistle, Information Bureau, Room 66, Bournemouth.

Restaurant Car Expresses from London (Waterloo) All Pullman "Bournemouth Belle" runs daily

Feel famous ★ in a GRENFELL

★ Originally produced for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Grenfell Cloth has been chosen by the world's greatest explorers and most famous sportsmen ever since. It combines lightness and comfort with excellent climatic protection.

GRENFELL CLOTH

. . . RAINCOATS, GOLF JACKETS, SPORTSWEAR

HAYTHORNTHWAITE & SONS, LTD., LODGE MILL, BURNLEY, LANCS.

DRY FLY SHERRY

Good fare can be appreciated more after a glass of DRY FLY SHERRY. It is the best appetizer at cocktail time.

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

From your Wine Merchant or :

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd. · *Wine & Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King*

Bred in the bone

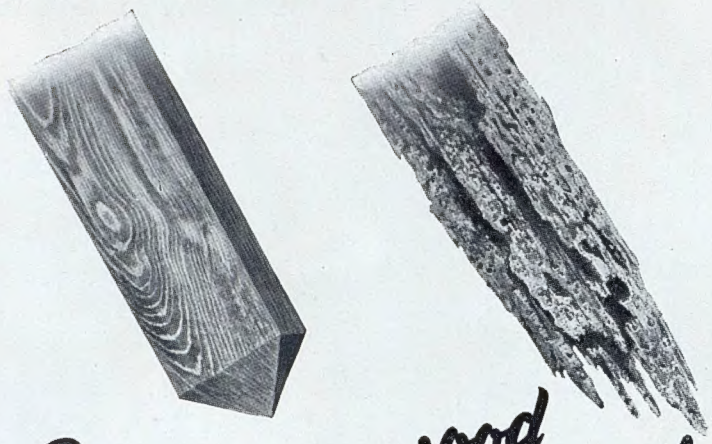
That tradition of British craftsmanship which men like Thomas Mudge, inventor of the lever escapement, helped to establish, is today inherent in every detail of *Smiths Fully guaranteed 15 Jewel Lever De-Luxe Watches.* They compare in reliability and quality with the best the world can offer. All good Jewellers sell them.
With chrome and stainless steel cases from £7.19.6 to £9.2.6 9 carat gold cases from £23.6.0
All prices include P.T.

THE SMITHS 1215
TWELVE FIFTEEN
Chrome and stainless steel case. Arabic or Roman numerals. Non-luminous £7.19.6 incl. P.T. Luminous £8.2.6 incl. P.T. Other models from £8.19.6 incl. P.T.

SMITHS
FAMOUS FOR ALL TIME

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2
The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Which is it to be?



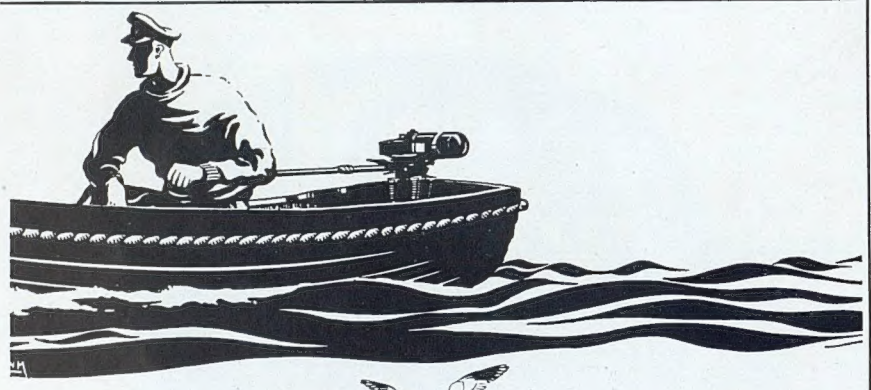
Solignum wood preserve it!

For over 50 years Solignum has been used for the protection of woodwork against dry-rot and decay. It destroys the dry-rot fungus wherever brought into contact with it and gives complete immunity against attack.

Solignum is also used all over the world for the protection of timber against attack by *white ant, wood borers and other destructive insects*. But it must be Solignum—applied by brush coating, spray guns or by dipping.

WOOD SOLIGNUM PRESERVATIVE

SOLE MAKERS: Solignum Ltd., Donington House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2



BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET. *Telephone:* POOLE 818

POST YOUR FILMS TO WILL R. ROSE, LTD 23, BRIDGE STREET ROW. CHESTER

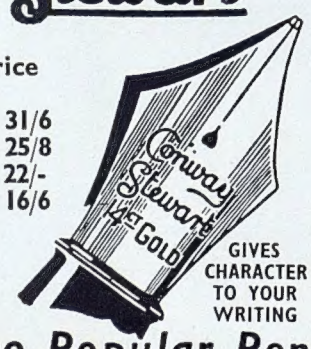
ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH ST. OXFORD & 25 THE PROMENADE CHELTENHAM

AND GET 'MAGNA PRINTS' (REGD)

★ *Send for Price List and Wrapper for easy posting*

The ALL-BRITISH Conway Stewart

Price No.	
58	31/6
28	25/8
388	22/-
75	16/6



GIVES CHARACTER TO YOUR WRITING

The Popular Pen with the Marvellous Nib

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THIS year, British hotels have a Government-sent opportunity of filling their rooms, fore and aft, of the normal August-early September season, for, with the restrictions on the allocation of sterling currency for abroad, there is increasing evidence of thoughts being turned to a holiday spent in Britain.

Of the fact that hoteliers will, in the main, acquit themselves well, I am confident, but in fairness to them, the continental holiday habitue must realise that hotels are largely influenced by the people for whom they cater, by the law of the land, by commodities available and by climatic conditions. On the Continent, holiday-makers and travellers are often able to procure a meal at out-of-normal British mealtimes, and as a result they tend to flatter themselves that such smiling service has been laid on for their especial benefit. Not a bit of it! Mealtimes are elastic on the Continent mainly because there are no licensing restrictions, and the warm climate is conducive to staying out of doors until later hours. But this cuts both ways, for in the morning you will not find, as in Britain, a full breakfast being served with fruit-juice, cereals, fish, bacon and eggs, marmalade, toast and so on O! la! la! a revolting thought to the Frenchman!

This is an appropriate point at which to draw your attention to a number of British hotels and restaurants which win the plaudits of all who understand the arts of good food and wine as practised on the Continent. Here are the names of a few, scattered about the country, that come to mind.

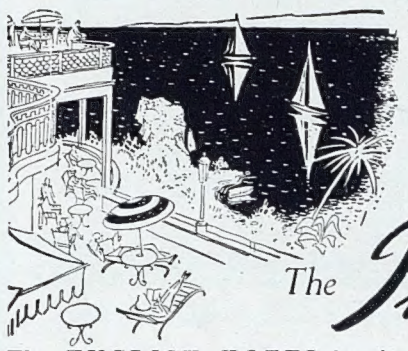
White Lodge Hotel and Restaurant, Blindley Heath, Surrey. Situated between Godstone and Eastbourne on the London-Eastbourne Road, and very well run by that experienced restaurateur, Henri Bally, and his wife. (Tel.: Lingfield 172.)

Chez Peter Restaurant, nr. Henley-on-Thames, Berkshire. Situated on the main London-Oxford road, here Peter Tiger incites the admiration of all who partake of his specially-prepared repasts. (I should point out that this is a club, the annual subscription being one guinea.) (Tel: Henley 649 and 1019.)

The Vineyard Restaurant, Colerne, Wiltshire. Perched on an outspan of the Cotswolds, six miles from Bath. To this temple of good food and wine, gourmets and gourmands pilgrimage from far and wide. Mine hosts are George Fuller and his wife. (Tel.: Box 134.)

The Kingsclear Hotel, Camberley, Surrey. "The best cooking outside Paris," people are saying, and this you will appreciate when you have met Mrs. Dunollie, seen her kitchens, and tasted the culinary exploits of her French chef and *patissier*. (Her husband, Major Dunollie, and Mr. H. G. Bower are also resident directors.) (Tel.: Camberley 1870.)

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.



THE CONTINENT COMES HOME

Laze at one of the finest Hotels in Europe, in a semi-tropical situation a few hours from your door. 150 superb bedrooms... 5 acres of grounds fronting the sea... own tennis and squash, golf nearby ...all the comforts and smiling service of a famous Hotel. Write for brochure G.

The Imperial TORQUAY

The ENGLISH HOTEL in the MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

BROADWAY, WORCS. THE LYGON ARMS

For innkeeping in the best English tradition; for a personal welcome, warmth, comfort, good food and wine, be sure to visit this historic and hospitable house. Always in season. Tel.: Broadway 2255

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of lovely gardens, Golf, Fishing, Boating, with Bowls and Riding nearby. An excellent hotel for a holiday at any time. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at

THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL

First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed, P.O. 'phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Under personal supervision of Managing Director. Apply Manager. Hendon 1456.

MARLBOROUGH, Wilts. AILESBURY ARMS HOTEL

Motorists travelling east to west, or north to south, will find this modernised Coaching House a delightful halting place, in a neighbourhood rich in historic and scenic interest. Tel.: Marlborough 1.

Via OSWESTRY. LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL

(34 miles west of Shrewsbury), with its fascinating outlook over lake and mountain, offers not only first-class Trout Fishing, but manifold opportunities for a healthful Country House holiday at all seasons. Tel.: Llanrhaiadr 244.

PENZANCE, QUEEN'S HOTEL

A full quota of sunshine overlooking Mount's Bay. The best headquarters for seeing the Cornish Riviera, from St. Ives to Land's End and the Lizard. Write Manager. Tel.: 2371.

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL

A completely self-contained, fully licensed holiday hotel. Heated sea-water Bathing Pool, 9-hole Golf Course, Putting, Hard Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra)—all free to residents. Riding available. Fully inclusive terms 34s. 6d. to 50s. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

SALCOMBE, S. DEVON. TIDES REACH HOTEL

What a lovely address for a seaside holiday! Here on the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and fine walks, are added the finishing touches of comfortable accommodation and an understanding of food and wine. Tel.: 288.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. MEDEHAMSTEDE HOTEL

At this long-established, 65-bedroom hotel, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crawley offer a personal WELCOME in the fullest sense of the word. Delightfully situated, facing south; nearby facilities for Sea Fishing, Shooting, Golf. Licensed. Tel.: Shanklin 2101.

SIDMOUTH, DEVON. BELMONT HOTEL

Best in its own class. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, and always abreast of the times. Under same management for 30 years. Special Winter terms for a long stay, on application. Tel.: 1261.

CARLYON BAY HOTEL, Nr. ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall.

In the centre of the Cornish Riviera. Facing south and overlooking the sea. Mild climate. The ideal hotel for early holidays amidst sub-tropical plants and spring flowers. Own Golf and Tennis. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated Brochure.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of park land. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WINCANTON. HOLBROOK HOUSE HOTEL

Somerset scenery and all that Somerset is famed for, on or near our doorstep. A holiday at Holbrook is an experience that you will wish to repeat. Golf, Tennis, Sight-seeing and a delightful Country House environment. Tel.: 2377.

The Eagle is distinguished by the Silver Ring.

THE *Eagle*

Occasionally in the mountain fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands, the lonely traveller may be treated to a rare sight. If lucky, he may witness the soaring majesty of the glorious Golden Eagle in flight. Utterly fearless, incredibly fierce, this great bird has a wing span of five feet or more. In the early spring it lays a "clutch" of two eggs, in a nest built high on the face of a rocky cliff. Quick growing fledgelings are fed on grouse and hare, instantly killed by the tenacious talons of the parent bird.

ON the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread design resists every direction of skid, gives quicker, safer stops. Wider, flatter tread area gives bigger grip, slower wear. The handsome reinforced sidewalls protect the tyre body from kerb damage and make cornering steadier than ever before.

The Eagle Tyre by Goodyear, the ultimate in car tyre quality, is the greatest car tyre value ever offered to the motoring world.

THE GOODYEAR TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

All that's best in Britain . . .

The warm harvest days are anxious days . . . . white billowing clouds move across a sunlit sky . . . .
Rain tomorrow? Perhaps . . . . But to-day's work is going well, going smoothly . . . .
thanks to the Ferguson Tractor. Built by the finest engineering craftsmen, already
a quarter of a million Ferguson Tractors have left the Banner Lane plant of the Standard Motor Company,
representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain

The Ferguson Tractor

Manufactured by

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd.

for Harry Ferguson Ltd.

FERGUSON TRACTORS · STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, Saturday, March 1, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.